

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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*A Weekly Illustrated Magazine
For All The Family*

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THIS IS ONE OF THE MONTHS WHEN A FARMER C'N BEGIN TO QUIT GROW-IN' ALL THE TIME—AND BEGIN TO GARNER IN A WAY. EARLY APPLES. GARDEN TRUCK. FRYIN' CHICKENS..I DON'T KNOW ANY BETTER FEELIN' THAN TO KNOW YOUR FOOD IS GROWIN' RIGHT UNDER YOUR EYES. AND NOT BE BEHOLDEN TO ANYBODY ELSE FOR IT..IT'S EARNED FOOD—AND THAT MAKES IT GOOD FOOD TO MY WAY OF LOOKIN' AT IT!

—CALEB PEASLEE'S ALMANAC

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HAMMERTOE

ONE of the most distressing deformities to which the foot is liable is hammertoe. That is a sort of zigzag bending of a toe, usually the second one; the first segment of the toe is bent upward, the second downward; the third is either in line with the second or, more commonly, bent upward. The toe is squeezed out of line by the pressure of its fellows on either side. Sometimes the lateral pressure is so great that the toe is forced wholly above the others and overlaps them. The pressure of the shoe on the second joint causes a painful corn, and the last segment, which has to bear part of the body weight, which it was never intended to do, becomes sore and tender. Added to this discomfort there is often an ingrowing nail.

In some rare cases hammertoe may be congenital, but usually it is the price that vanity has to pay for wearing shoes that are too short and too narrow. The second toe, being the longest, is forced to bend by the pressure against it of the toe of the shoe, and once it is so bent the lateral pressure forces it out of alignment and keeps it there. After this condition has existed for some time the joints grow stiff, and that, in combination with a contraction of the tissues, prevents a rectification of the deformity when the ill-fitting shoes are removed.

In the rare congenital form and in the early stages of the acquired deformity the treatment is chiefly by proper manipulation every night and morning. In cases of long standing it is necessary to make a special apparatus, consisting of a narrow bandage over the first joint of the toe, which passes through slits in a leather insole and is tied beneath it. In confirmed and inveterate cases nothing short of an operation will bring relief. Of course the patient must consent to wear a longer and wider shoe.

ANOTHER WEASEL STORY

APPARENTLY it is not so unusual to kill that vicious little creature the weasel with the bare hands as we supposed it was. Since we printed an incident of that sort we have had several letters from subscribers narrating similar adventures. The following must be taken as a sample of them:

The article about catching a weasel bare-handed reminds me of an incident that occurred when I was a child. My mother, who was a widow, lived on a farm in Dodge County, Minnesota. She was subject to frequent attacks of illness and always kept a lamp, matches, a glass of water, a spoon and a vial of medicine on a chair close beside her bed. One night she was awakened by hearing the spoon clink against the glass, and, thinking that perhaps a mouse was on the chair, she put out her hand and tapped sharply on the chair seat to frighten it away.

Instantly one of her fingers was seized between sharp teeth, which bit painfully into the flesh. She frantically shook her hand trying to dislodge the creature, but it seemed to take firmer hold. She caught at it blindly with her free hand and finally grasped it round the neck. Only after she had choked it to death did its jaws relax and permit her to pull her finger from between its teeth. She lighted the lamp and to her astonishment found that she had strangled a half-grown weasel. We afterward found where it had dug down beside and under the cellar wall.

JUVENILE LOGIC

TWO small girls, says the Tatler, were playing together one afternoon in the park. "I wonder what time it is?" said one of them at last.

"Well, it can't be four o'clock yet," replied the other with magnificent logic, "because my mother said I was to be home at four—and I'm not."

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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SILVER DRIFT

By Frank Lillie Pollock

I. THE LOST BARGE

ROLAND SHARP happened to be alone in the office of his father's boat-building works when he caught a glimpse of a familiar form passing the window, and the next moment Walter Kennedy burst into the office, followed by Matt Forsythe.

At the first glimpse of his friend's face Roland knew that there must be news—news that all the little lake port had been waiting for—of the ore-laden barge that had broken her towline and gone adrift on Georgian Bay nearly a week before, with Walter's brother on board.

"They've found Dan?"

Walter nodded, excited, out of breath. Matt's dark face was beaming.

"I've just brought Dan in by train from Ojibway this morning," Walter finally managed to explain. "I got a wire last night. The barge wasn't picked up. Dan's been at an Indian camp on Fish Island for three days. He's sick with cold and exposure—had a close shave of pneumonia. Roll, is the Gracie back?"

The Gracie was Captain Sharp's own tug and was one of the last of the boats that had been out to search for the missing barge.

"She got in this morning," returned Roll. "They didn't find anything."

"Thank goodness!" Walter exclaimed surprisingly. "How's the Kingfisher, Roll? Is she in shape for a cruise?"

Roll's eyes brightened. The Kingfisher was his own motor launch, built mostly by his own hands. She was her owner's most prized possession, and the three boys had made several summer cruises in her among the Lake Huron islands.

He threw open the rear door, showing the long boat shed where craft of all sorts were laid up. Through the open farther end sparkled the blue waters of Georgian Bay, with the Gracie bobbing serenely at anchor.

"I was going to lay her up for the winter—but she's always ready. What's up, Walt? You know where the barge is?"

"Dan thinks he knows—pretty near, anyway. He left her in the skiff after she grounded. You know—"

Both Roll and Matt indeed knew the first part of the story, which was familiar now to every inhabitant of Georgeport.

Dan Kennedy was manager of the Macdonald silver mine, a short distance from Scotland Harbor, one of the few silver properties on the north shore. It was a small mine producing mostly a low-grade ore, which was shipped to the reduction plant at Georgeport across Georgian Bay, but it was Dan's first responsible position since he had graduated from the Toronto engineering school, and he had undertaken it with great pride and seriousness. That had been in the spring, and it was now November. A week ago at Scotland Harbor he had had a barge load of ore to be towed across the bay. It was nearing the

close of lake navigation, but Dan had taken the chances of the weather, and the barge had gone out in tow of the small freighter Iroquois, with one of the mine hands aboard and with a big skiff towing in the rear.

It had been late in the afternoon. Dan had taken passage on the Iroquois, but within an hour he had had himself put aboard the barge, apparently in some anxiety. It was hardly two hundred miles across to Georgeport, ordinarily not a dangerous trip, but soon after dark a strong west wind had sprung up with a sharp snow flurry. The heavy barge broke her hawser and vanished in the dark and storm, and the steamer, turning in pursuit, had had an ill-timed breakdown in her engine room. It took an hour to repair, and by that time the barge was almost beyond search. The Iroquois cruised about almost all night in a stiff gale and snowstorm, blowing her siren, and by morning found herself alone on the water, close in to the rocky, island-belted eastern shore.

The barge had either sunk or drifted in among the islands out of sight. For over a hundred miles north and south this great archipelago extends, known as the Thirty Thousand Islands, a belt five to fifteen miles wide, a maze of islands of all sizes, from a few yards to several miles in diameter, islands of solid granite or densely wooded or grown over with brambles and moss, intersected by channels of every width and depth. Boating and fishing parties go through there in the summer, and there are a number of cottages and camps on the nearer islands, but after September the whole district is a wilderness except for scattered camps of winter trappers or Ojibway Indians.

The Iroquois had reached Georgeport in the morning with her news. Several motor

launches and tugs had gone out on the search at once, and Mr. Macdonald had offered a reward of \$500 for the recovery of his barge and superintendent, but all the searchers had returned without any success. It was generally thought that the barge had gone to the bottom, but on the previous evening Walter Kennedy had received a telegram from Ojibway, a hundred miles up the bay, had caught a late train, and now had brought his brother back with him, safe but temporarily incapacitated from his exposure.

Walter was sixteen that year, ten years younger than Dan, and was already looking forward to following his brother's career in mining work. Roland Sharp was of the same age as Walter; they had been schoolmates, fast friends, had gone on many camping expeditions together, usually with Matt Forsythe; so at this crisis Walter had turned at once to Roll and Matt and the Kingfisher.

For such an expedition as Walter had in mind Matt was unequalled. He was a little, quick, dark fellow of seventeen, whose father, half farmer, half hunter and guide, lived down the shore. Since he was thirteen Matt had managed to evade school, and he went with his father on guiding trips up the bay in the summer and on trapping expeditions in the winter. Last summer, in fact, he had acted as sole guide to an American party. He was extraordinarily resourceful and skillful in woodcraft, and few men knew more of the labyrinths of the Thirty Thousand Islands.

"Dan's too sick to go himself," Walter went on. "But this is his expedition. He's paying for it. Matt'll get guide's wages, and you'll get regular rates for the boat; and if there's any reward you fellows can have it. But we've got to get to that barge before

anybody else finds it. Dan's all broken up about it. He was responsible and—"

"Aw, shucks!" Matt ejaculated. "I don't want any reward, nor wages either. It'll be a great trip."

"Sure. We're all Dan's friends," Roll concurred. "You can pay for the gasoline, if you want to. But I don't see how Dan's responsible for the towrope's breaking."

"You fellows don't know all the facts," said Walter. "I'll tell you later, maybe. You're the real stuff. I knew I could count on you. We've got to make our start early tomorrow morning. You overhaul the boat, Roll. I'll see after the grub. We ought to be back in four days. And guns—take all the guns. Matt has his rifle. You've got a pump shotgun, and I've my double-barrel. Take lots of shells and heavy ones. Buckshot cartridges."

"What!" cried Roll, startled. "Expecting trouble?"

"Not expecting it. Want to be ready for anything."

"I'll look after the shells," Matt put in; "I'll get plenty. You buy the grub, Walt. I expect you'll know just what we need. I've got the tent and camp kit. We'll load the boat tonight and be ready to start by sunup. Sun rises late now."

"You don't think the islands are liable to freeze up, do you, Matt?" asked Roll, a little anxiously. To be frozen in by an unexpected cold wave is the great peril of late boating in the northern waters.

"No, I reckon not yet a while," said the hunter, casting a weather-wise glance out at the sky. "Don't know, though. A big flock of wild geese went over last night. But I guess we'll be all right."

That was a desperately busy afternoon, but all the boys had been on wilderness trips together often enough to know exactly what was needed without wasting time in doubt or consultation. As the trip was to be short, they took an unusual amount of fresh provisions—loaves of bread, potatoes, fresh meat, as well as standard flour, bacon, sugar, tea, rice and tinned stuff, enough for four or five days even for three healthy young appetites. Matt brought up the camp outfit, ammunition and tent, and they stowed it all aboard the Kingfisher, which Roll had carefully overhauled and loaded with all the gasoline she could carry.

Walter paid his farewell visit to his brother before going to bed, to reassure him about the prospect. Dan was sitting up, but weak and exhausted and desperately uneasy.

"I don't see how you can fail to find it, Walt," he said. "And keep out of trouble unless it's absolutely in defense."

"Don't worry, old chap," said Walter. "If the barge's anywhere near where you say, we'll find it. Two of us'll stay to guard it, and the other'll rush back to Georgeport for a tug. We'll have the whole cargo back within a week. Nobody's going to get hurt."

The first stage of the voyage was a long

DRAWN BY
JOSEPH FRANK



Matt jumped out and scrutinized the beach, the printed letters and the big cedar

diagonal cut northeasterly across the lower end of the bay, a distance of some sixty miles. The weather had cleared and was sunny and sharp. The wind had gone down, and the great bay, heaving slightly, glittered darkly under the blue November sky. The Kingfisher's engine ran like a clock, and they made the crossing by the middle of the afternoon, sighting land near Fish Island, where Dan in the skiff had been picked up by the Ojibways.

"You see," Walter explained, "when the towline broke the recoil of the end knocked the man overboard that was on the barge, and he must have drowned. It was dark and snowing so fast that Dan couldn't tell where he was drifting or where the steamer was. He knew he was going in through the islands at last, but he couldn't see anything till the barge went aground late in the night.

"The next morning Dan made the barge fast with the broken end of the hawser, and marked the island where it had stranded. He couldn't stay there; he hadn't a thing to eat; and he started out in the skiff, thinking he could make Ojibway Lighthouse. He thought he was farther south than he really was.

"He rowed all that day, nearly starved, got confused among the islands, camped that night and was nearly used up when he started out the next morning. He didn't row much that day, but drifted round, getting nearly out into the lake, and he'd certainly have perished that night if those Indians hadn't sighted the skiff and brought him in. He was too sick then to be moved, and it was four days before they dared paddle him over to Ojibway Station, where the agent sent us a wire.

"Now Dan says he blazed his way all he could, marking trees and setting up poles and branches on the shores, so that we could follow his route back. But I've been studying the chart, and I think I know pretty nearly where the barge must have gone ashore with that wind, and we ought to make it tomorrow forenoon."

"Queer that he went aboard the barge at all," remarked Matt. "Why didn't he stay on the steamer?"

"He thought it was safer. Good thing he did," said Walter, after some hesitation.

"They came upon one of Dan's blazes a little later, just as they were looking out for a night camping ground. It was a broken-off cedar branch wedged between two rocks on a small island, and the sight was highly encouraging.

"They made camp beside it. There was plenty of dry driftwood on the shore, and while Roll and Walter put up the small tent Matt, an expert at camp cookery, fried bacon, made tea, opened tins of tomatoes and beans. There was plenty, and no reason to stint their appetites, which were prodigious. It was a cold night, with frost, but the boys slept soundly, after the early wakefulness usual to the first night in camp; and with the next morning the search really began.

Dan, they thought, must have covered at least twenty-five miles in his skiff voyage southward; so they headed due north, on the lookout for more signs. They found two more, a blazed tree and the ashes of a fire where he must have spent the night; and towards noon they began to feel certain that they could not be many miles from the mooring place of the barge.

That heavy craft would hardly have drifted more than a quarter of a mile through the channels before grounding, and they cruised slowly north, circling the islands, looking into every channel wide enough to admit a barge. One after another, hundreds of islands went by, islands of rock, islands of dense evergreen jungle, dark and still in the wintry sun. At noon they landed for hot tea and cold lunch, and they continued to work northward all that afternoon. But nothing was to be seen of the derelict.

Feeling sure at last that they had gone too far north, they camped at sunset and the next morning turned back. They no longer felt so confident. Their uneasiness grew as the hours passed and the interminable islands and channels opened and went by, with no sign that the ore barge had ever been that way. Nor did they sight any more of Dan's blazes.

It was not till the sun was sinking low over the dark spruces that Matt suddenly cried out and pointed from the Kingfisher's bow.

Over to the left a large island showed a great flat face of gray granite. Something black was scrawled across it. With a twirl of the wheel Roll turned the boat that way. On the face of the rock was printed, evidently with a burnt stick, the half-obliterated letters "D K" with an arrow beneath.

Where the arrow pointed was a large cedar

tree bending over a sloping gravelly beach, and a distinct indentation among the pebbles showed that some large object had lain there.

"I was afraid of it!" cried Walter, in an anguished voice. "It's gone. We're too late."

Roll ran the boat ashore. Matt jumped out and scrutinized the beach, the printed letters and the big cedar.

"It's the spot, just as Dan described it," said Walter, heartbroken. "There are his initials, and there's where he tied up the barge."

"But she can't have broken loose. There

isn't wind or current enough to move such a heavy thing," said Matt. "I can't see—"

"Of course not. She's been taken away. Stolen!" cried Walter.

"Stolen? Who's to steal her?" Roll demanded incredulously.

"High-graders," returned Walter.

It is a familiar enough term in the mining country—this designation of men who steal high-grade gold or silver ore to sell it surreptitiously. But both Matt and Roll looked amazed.

"High-graders? Nonsense!" Roll exclaimed. "Why, this ore was all low-grade

stuff. Macdonald's mine doesn't produce anything else. It's too heavy to steal. The whole cargo wasn't worth \$2000. No high-grader would look at it."

"You fellows don't know anything about it," Walter replied. "I'll tell you—the Macdonald mine struck a vein of rich stuff last summer. They didn't mean to ship it. There was stuff put aboard this barge that shouldn't have been there. Look here!" he burst out. "There's close to \$10,000 worth of silver adrift on this barge. Lost, I guess. And it's all Dan's fault!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

BOOKED HOME!

By

A. L. Priddy



HERE is your booking," explained the office secretary. She handed the two girls carbon copies on thin paper.

"Eighty-two days on Circuit C. You are expected to report at least five hours ahead of your appearance at the first town on the list. Itemize your railroad and traveling expenses from Boston to your first date and send it in. After that your expenses come out of salary."

The secretary, who handled all the lesser talent for the Boston branch manager of the Midwest Chautauquas, left the girls abruptly, having apparently settled everything to the firm's satisfaction.

Mildred Kent's fingers traced through the two sheets of single-spaced lists of Middle-Western towns,—New Sweden, Eckhart, Nim's Landing,—and then her heart seemed to leap into her mouth. With a frightened whisper she pointed to a name. "Riverbend!"

"O Kathy, what shall we do? Isn't this dreadful? We are booked home!"

Katherine Grose's lips parted; a startled look ended in a wistful smile.

"It's fate, Milly. It was written in our stars. Guess we've got to make the best of it. Come out before we're overheard, or they might take even this chance from us."

"You—you don't mean that we're going to—to—"

Kathy nodded. "Certainly, you old thing! What did we say when we started on the track of a Chautauqua career? What was the motto under which we were to conquer? 'Weeny, wicky,' which, translated from the original Spanish, means, 'You've got to start at the bottom anyhow.'"

"It isn't at all humorous to me, and you know it, Kathy. Neither is it to you."

Kathy was silent. The girls left the office building and did not speak until the white glove of the mandatory traffic officer had wafted them from Boylston Street over to the Common.

"This is dreadful, Kathy," fretted Mildred. "It was bad enough for me to think of starting in the Chautauqua with something in which all my education seemed wasted. Bad enough that way, but to think of being booked home! It doesn't seem possible that it could happen so!"

"But it has, my dear," said Kathy, soberly, "and there's nothing to do but go through with it. Did you know that Beatrice Huysen, the great Beatrice we'll be privileged to associate with, began her Chautauqua career playing the bass drum and cymbals in the College Girls' Orchestra?"

"Kathy, I'm willing enough to start in anywhere, but it's the idea of being booked home in that capacity! Was Beatrice Huysen ever booked home with that bass drum? You'll find she wasn't. No reasonable person would want it that way. And I don't."

"Well, it's either the puppet show or nothing, Mildred, and you know it. It's a good deal better than wasting your education on table-waiting. I'm going to take my medicine; never mind if I am booked home in such a shabby part."

"You didn't have any tragedy in your education, Kathy," Mildred pointed out. "But in order for me to come here and study for the last five years, well, it makes me shudder—the cost to the folks at home! I

never told you that, Kathy. Father and mother and brother Joe rented rooms in the Aeolo Apartments!" Mildred shuddered at the very thought of the Aeolo Apartments. "Joe had to give up his state-university ambition. Mother took back her old job teaching English in the high school. There aren't many families have given up more because they had high hopes of a girl's ability. And after it's all over I'm booked home to stand behind Klatson's puppet play—out of sight, without even my name on the programme, and that terribly ignorant Mrs. Klatson to go out in front and bow to all the applause. Five years of sacrifice and real heartbreaking tragedy and—I'm booked home for that!"

Kathy seized her friend's hand and impetuously kissed it.

"You've got the talent, Mildred. The five years haven't been wasted. Keep your grip, and next year, maybe, there will be a shortage in dramatic readers on the Chautauquas and both of us will have our chance. Your family will work it out that way and our home folks, too. They'll be loyal. Let's go through with a grin, and after this test maybe we'll land in glory next season."

Then she waited for the decision. Mildred smiled with an effort.

"We're off, Kathy. Mrs. Klatson wants a few more finishing touches on that precious prize play."

So the girls cheerfully went on to the rooming house where Mrs. Klatson, stout and red and slangy, with her shy and artistic little husband, waited with the puppets. Here for a month the two girls had been toilsomely training themselves to reduce their art, their skill and their great ambitions into the puny, wooden, string-worked gestures of dolls until it seemed to them that the strutting little figures they animated were the dwarfed personifications of their own ideals, the pigmy limits to their dramatic skill. Any newspaper notices giving credit for the operation of the puppets were sure to be monopolized by the domineering, utterly selfish Mrs. Klatson, as director, stage manager and publicity agent. Her little husband, mild as cheese, and the girls were to be treated by her with the same indifference she would have manifested toward any human pretensions in the puppets.

Four days later the booking that would take the girls home so tragically had its beginning in an Iowa town. Beatrice Huysen, the girls noted with wistful envy, arrived in a limousine that a local woman had driven over to a junction point in order to spare the popular reader the shock of having to change from the Pullman to the local milk train that had brought the girls to the town.

The afternoon's programme was devoted to the puppet play, which, Mrs. Klatson announced in her little introductory speech to the audience in the Chautauqua tent, had been selected by her from a play-writing contest conducted the previous year by the Chautauqua company.

"Thanking you one and all for your polite attention," concluded Mrs. Klatson, "it will be with pleasure that I now retire behind the scenes of my little stage and give you the Chautauqua prize puppet play, *The Adventures of Rinaldo the Court Jester*, written by Enid Ender."

"Oh, I can't stand her," whispered Katherine, her eyes glinting. "Did you hear that? 'I will now give you! Some day that woman is going to hear something to her advantage, Milly.'"

The play was a success from the first. When the final curtain went down in the little theatre the applause was deafening. Mrs. Klatson, all smirks and prima-donna bows to the left and the right, accepted the tribute, threw plopping kisses and said, "I thank you. I'm glad you like my little show!"

"She makes them think always," said Katherine, "that she is the only one back here. Milly, so far as this season goes, we don't exist. No reports on our work from a woman like that."

"We're nobodies!" admitted Mildred. "And look at Beatrice Huysen."

The girls sat in the audience night after night witnessing the enormous success of Beatrice Huysen as she read a popular comedy drama. Her flesh-and-blood appearance seemed such a contrast to the tiny puppets. It was of such a personal triumph, or even one of lesser success, that the girls had dreamed and talked before they had been forced to travel with the puppets. They drank in the moods of Beatrice Huysen's drama, word by word they followed it, like understudies, as the days sped by.

But that only made their situation with the puppets more unendurable. It was Beatrice Huysen who would really show the home folks how far, far down in the scale of actual achievement the two girls were. The contrast would be startling.

Mildred had written an abject letter to her mother, confiding in her. With a bitter pen she wrote of her growing hatred of the heartless, emotionless puppets she dangled for the piratical Mrs. Klatson.

"Isn't that tragic!" she added. "A grown-up holding such a jealous feeling toward a puppet! Having a doll for a rival, instead of a competitor like Beatrice Huysen! I am so chagrined over my failure so far, mother, I dread coming home."

Her mother wrote her the cheering, hopeful letter that was characteristic.

"I am not worrying about you or doubtful of you, my dear. But poor Katherine! The people here are so critical of her. You remember her poor father, and how the people disliked him for living in that cabin, miserly and mean. People don't expect much of Katherine, and she has so few friends now. I had hoped that she might come home with something to stop their small gossip and show them that they are wrong about her family."

Mildred flushed when she read this. She knew then that Katherine must look upon the home-coming with even greater dread than herself. And she had been making her own home-coming such a disaster to the girl! She reproached herself for having been so stupid, so thoughtless of her friend's situation.

Mildred had committed to memory the typewritten itinerary. She had its every town and date by heart. Riverbend—home—was only a few days distant when affairs began to come to a head. Mildred was desperate.

"Mrs. Klatson," she begged, as they were riding in a dusty train to their next engage-

ment, "it's only a little thing to ask, but when we get to Riverbend, that's our home town. Couldn't you let Katherine go out in front with you and share in the applause?"

Katherine broke in, sharply, a bit wildly, "And you too, Mildred. It's *your* home town too."

Little Mr. Klatson's gleaming black eyes seemed to pop out of his head. Rarely had he seen his wife faced with actual rebellion. He paused in the act of putting a new oil-painted complexion upon a puppet's face, ready to dodge the storm that was sure to come.

"You girls brag of having been to a college!" cried his wife. "What does it say on the programme?"

"Klatson's Marionettes!" replied Mildred, coldly. "But you know and I know that Katherine here puts some very clever work, real genius almost, through her puppets. And it seems to me a very nice and generous thing, Mrs. Klatson, if you could let her appear out in front just once, in her home town too!"

"The whole lot of us belong out in front. Mr. Klatson too," put in Katherine, flaming with pent-up feeling. "It's only fair."

Mrs. Klatson laughed, throatily. She had faced such things before, time and time again.

"Sentiment's got no place in this sort of work," she said calmly. "Business has. I'm business first, and I'm business last. Klatson will tell you that. It's my business methods, not his doll-making, that has made Klatson's Marionettes. I'm no stupid. I get my living with the marionettes. You girls feel above them. Maybe you are, but so long as you're with them you aren't. Swallow that and digest it. I've told it to others, and I tell it to you and to the lot of them. I get new contracts only because I keep them Klatson's Marionettes and put myself in front and in the papers. It don't get me nowhere to tell my public how good *you* are, or the puppets are that my man there makes, but how good *I* am. I guess you understand that! I want you to. No, you can't come out in front, even if it is your home town. I take the bows, as usual. You'll both stay back!"

She folded her huge hands across her bulk, leaned back and seemed to take on the aspect of a huge, forlorn Gibraltar, impregnable against any sentimental assaults.

"You horrid, brutal, crude, selfish, heartless woman!" broke out Katherine, crying hysterically.

"I'll remember that too," replied Mrs. Klatson calmly.

"Hush, Kathy," cautioned Mildred in a whisper when the girls had changed seats. "Be careful with that woman, or you won't arrive in Riverbend even with a Chautauqua."

Beatrice Huysen, in that final week of the tour, complained of being unwell. She had allowed herself to be entertained by local dramatic clubs and committees, and had been banqueted and had given special addresses. Overstrain had resulted.

The girls had had virtually no chance to become acquainted with her on the trip. They had traveled often on different trains, or the reader had been busy on the trains preparing a new play, and in the towns the committees and extra engagements had monopolized Miss Huysen's interest and time. But this illness brought Mildred within the circle of her notice. Mildred and Katherine both were invaluable in giving her little attentions both *en route* and in the Chautauqua towns.

As it is a tradition on the Chautauqua for talent to "stick it out to the last gasp," Miss Huysen managed during the first two days of her illness to struggle through her play without telling either the local superintendent or the

local people of her actual condition. A foothold on the Chautauqua has to be jealously guarded, she knew. Incredible feats in courage take place, unknown to the audiences. So Miss Huysen went from a sick bed to the platform and came back from applause and success to the sick bed again, thoroughly exhausted.

"A little rest—three or four days!" she gasped to Mildred. "And I could finish up! Just a few days' rest! But if I bothered them at headquarters, they'd have no one prepared with the play, that's certain. And the play is advertised and—" She regarded Mildred hopefully. "You are trained in dramatics. You must be to work those puppets. Funny how I never thought! Could you understudy, in a hurry? Have you ever done a play?"

"Oh!" cried Mildred. "Both of us have. Katherine and I have lived it over and over with you, Miss Huysen. I could give the first act now, I know!"

"You dear thing!" murmured the sick woman. "I never thought of that! Your training?"

Mildred sketched her own and Katherine's five years in Boston, and their high hopes to become dramatic readers. She left out the humiliation of the summer.

"Why, you should have a chance! Read me the first act, my dear."

Mildred did so, looking upon this as the intervention of a kindly Providence after all. She visualized her father, her brother, her mother, her townspeople as she read. Oh, if she might only go home substituting for the great Miss Huysen!

Miss Huysen was critical. "The parts where you either consciously or unconsciously imitate me are the poorest, my dear. The parts where you are yourself are really promising. Hurry now. Get the play out of the bag and prepare to give it your own way, and we shall get along. Will you take it? I shall want you to give it at—where shall we be by the time you could have it ready?"

"Riverbend!" replied Mildred promptly.

She went at once to Mrs. Klatson's room to inform her that she was to understudy for Miss Huysen the next few days, and that the travel schedule would have to be adapted so that she could have the evenings for the programme.

For once the manageress seemed speechless. She regarded Mildred with interest.

"The management has sent me another marionette play from this Enid Ender," she said. "Going to take it on the winter Chautauqua down Florida way. It will only call for one of you girls. You were to be this one. Not that other piece of apple sass. She can go hiking."

Mildred felt everything go crashing in

those words of Mrs. Klatson! She rushed out into her own room. Katherine was not there. A sudden twist had taken place in her problem. The chance to substitute for Beatrice Huysen would assure her a better chance in the Chautauqua and would take her home in glory, too. But how about Katherine? She would be dropped, rudely, vindictively, by Mrs. Klatson. The report was certain to go to headquarters from the woman that Katherine had failed. Her future would be blocked. Katherine would have to go home then, a failure, with the town people ignorantly nodding their heads and saying, "I told you so!"

"I can go on with Mrs. Klatson and still keep the Chautauqua game," Mildred said half aloud, "but to save Kathy I'll have to give her my chance to read in place of Beatrice!"

She rushed back to Miss Huysen's room and told her story, quickly, resolutely.

"Katherine can do your play well, and she must be allowed to do it, Miss Huysen. You must let her have my chance."

No persuasion could alter Mildred's purpose. Miss Huysen's eyes shone with appreciation of the sacrifice Mildred was willing to make.

"I wish I'd had a chum like you," she sighed. "Tell Katherine I wish to hear her read the play, won't you, dear?"

"But you aren't to let her know that I've given up the chance," insisted Mildred. To this Miss Huysen agreed.

Later Katherine burst into Mildred's room. "What do you think? Beatrice Huysen wants me to substitute for her for a few days, Milly! I tried ever so hard to persuade her to give you the chance. But she wouldn't. She insisted that it had to be I and nobody else, so I had to do it, Milly, dear. Oh, I wish it had been you."

"It's only one of us that can have such luck, Kathy. Go in and show them the stuff you're made of."

Mildred helped Katherine in her preparations. Miss Huysen had to be left behind at the next town, after her reading had been heroically given. Katherine read the play successfully in the next town. Ahead was Riverbend and—home!

This was a long jump, and the girls had to eat their dinner at a junction. The train they should have taken had been delayed in a washout. Mrs. Klatson engaged an automobile truck and touring car for a trip across country.

The party reached the Chautauqua tent in Riverbend fifteen minutes late. The girls had no chance to greet people, but had to scramble into their coveralls and into their places behind the puppet frame and sort out the dolls and set up the play.

The superintendent kept the audience in good humor by witticisms until Mrs. Klatson made her hobbling bow and her usual preamble to the puppet play. While she was doing this the superintendent rushed from the rear of the tent and handed her a message. She read it. Then her face flushed with something akin to sudden jealousy, and in a voice that sounded as if she were swallowing something very bitter she announced: "Word has been sent from headquarters that the author of this puppet play, Enid Ender, is due at the tent sometime this afternoon. Superintendent, please tell me when you spot her. I'll have her up to make a bow to these folks."

Ignoring the evident excitement and applause of the audience, the manageress waddled angrily back of the puppet stage and ordered the show to begin.

In all this rush and work and sudden ugly jealousy of the manageress Mildred had hardly time to think. Eetween the acts there was the same rush and work to change the puppets and set the scenes. Beyond, in the tent, Mildred heard the rustle of the audience—her home folks were there. This was her home-coming!

She thought enviously for a second of Katherine as she would step out that night for her home-coming and into sudden, sure reputation with the management, while she, Mildred, would have to go on with the Klatson woman and the new play of Enid Ender until she could find another real chance for her talent—the talent made worth while by her father's and brother's and mother's sacrifice.

The marionette play came to an end. The moment it did Katherine whispered to Mildred that she would look after her chores and for her to go out and meet her family. Mrs. Klatson, inwardly wrathful, was waiting on the platform for the introduction of Enid Ender which the superintendent seemed to be arranging. Mildred had no mind for this, for she was home, and home meant father, mother, brother!

They were all three waiting for her behind the platform where they had shipped from the front seats. Mildred's father was first to embrace her. Her brother followed with the same violent demonstration.

"Mother!" gasped Mildred. "Where's the kiss? Father, what's the matter with her? She seems hypnotized."

"Give her a chance to wake up, Milly!" exclaimed the father. "She's still seeing her play being given, you know!"

"Her—what?"

"Sure," interrupted her brother proudly. "She's Enid Ender. That's her *nom de plume*, or whatever you call it. Kept it from everybody till today. It's just been told the superintendent who Enid Ender really is!"

"Her English work in the high school got her into the contest," added the father. "And we all pulled together for the famous new Chautauqua playwright, getting more famous every day, too, I'd say."

"Mother! And I was acting out your ambition for you, all the time. Oh, my dear, dear mother! How lovely!"

"Hey!" roared the genial superintendent, peering over the edge of the platform. "The whole town's lined up! Wants to give three cheers for the Chautauqua playwright and her daughter, who takes the leading part in the play."

As Mildred drew her blushing mother over towards the crowd of people, eager to grasp her hand, the superintendent shouted to Mrs. Klatson:

"Bring 'em all out, Mrs. Klatson. This is a round-up."

Mrs. Klatson came forward with her blinking husband and Katherine.



DRAWN BY D. J. ROSENMEYER

"What does it say on the programme?"



CROCODILES AND MAGIC

By George A. Reisner

IN the spring of 1919, the Harvard-Boston Egyptian Expedition was encamped on the desert at a village called El-Kur'uw, about ten miles below the Fourth Cataract on the Nile. The camp consisted of a one-story hut with four rooms, a big dining tent and four dressing tents. We slept out of doors on camp beds, and rose before sunrise in order to get as much work done as possible in the cool of the day. In March the weather became hot, but we had discovered the pyramids of four kings of Egypt, the tombs of their queens and the graves of their horses. So we held on to the end of April.

There are very good fish in the Nile in the cataract region, and because in hot weather a diet of meat is not good for the health I had ordered the cook to give us fish every day. About the beginning of April our supply of fish suddenly ceased for three days. I called up the head foreman, Said Ahmed Said, who has been with me for twenty-five years, ever since he was a small boy of seven,



Where are the Fish?

and bade him look into the matter. Later in the day he came back smiling and said the fishermen would not go out in their boats on the river.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because there is a crocodile now in the water of this village," he replied.

"But there are always crocodiles about," I objected.

"Yes, but this one is a different crocodile. It has come from Old Dongola (about forty miles down stream) and is really a man of Old Dongola who has the power to change himself into a crocodile. When he gets hungry he does not wish to eat the people of his own village, so he swims to some other place; and when he has eaten he goes back home and turns into a man again."

"That is mere nonsense," said I.

"Yes, I know. But the fishermen believe it, and they refuse to go out on the river until this crocodile has gone home."

A day or two later General Sir Herbert Jackson Pasha, the British governor of the province, had a shot at the crocodile and missed. As the Pasha is a mighty hunter who has about twenty stuffed crocodiles shot by himself, the people refused to believe that he had missed. They said: "Oh, no, he hit it, of course; but this is a magician, not a crocodile, and ordinary bullets do not hurt it." So we went without fish for ten days. The people had been so careful of their animals and themselves that the crocodile was finally starved out and went elsewhere.

The way a crocodile gets its food is to lie in wait in the shallow water about the places where the flocks of sheep and goats are driven down to the water to drink. They rush in, knock one of the animals over with a slap of their great horny tails, seize it, and make for deep water. Occasionally they take a child or an old woman. And it is because of the damage these reptiles do that the British governors shoot a crocodile every chance they get. Crocodiles also attack people in boats, especially fishermen who have to lean over the side, and endeavor to knock them out of the boat with their tails.

An Englishman, an official in the irrigation department, once told me that he had been hunted by a crocodile while fishing from a boat. Leaning over the side, he saw the eye ridge of a crocodile's head come up about a hundred yards away and immediately sink down out of sight. He knew at once he was being hunted by the reptile and remained leaning over the side, but watchful. A few seconds later the wicked eyes appeared and sank again about forty yards away, and the fisherman leaned back into the boat out of the way. In a moment a great black scaly tail flashed up, swept the side of the boat and swirled away.

Down south, in the province of Sennar,

there is a small tribe or family who have learned to take crocodiles alive by "tickling" them. Mr. Hussey, one of the British inspectors, discovered this family and took a photograph of the tickling of a crocodile, which he has published in an English scientific magazine. The process seems very dangerous; the men who hunt in this way hold a little piece of the root of a magical plant between the teeth, and they believe that as long as they have this "crocodile root," as they call it, no harm can come to them from a crocodile. I have myself seen a snake-charmer hold a similar piece of wood in his teeth to protect himself from poisonous snakes.

Capturing the Crocodile

To return to the crocodile-tickling. The hunters mark down a crocodile dozing on the bottom in shallow water. One of them, stripped naked and with the "crocodile root" between his teeth, slips into the water and slowly approaches the reptile's tail from behind—moving as slowly as a chameleon on a tree branch. As soon as he can reach the end of the tail, he begins tickling the sides with the tips of his fingers. The crocodile remains motionless, and the hunter, continuing the tickling operation, moves slowly until he is astraddle the crocodile and tickling him just behind the front legs. Here he stands rubbing softly with the tips of his fingers, to the huge delight of the crocodile, while a companion slips into the water and fastens the noose of a rope round the body of the crocodile in front of the hind legs. Three or four assistants then begin to drag the crocodile by the rope backwards. The tickler continues his operation, and the crocodile takes no note of the fact that he is emerging from the water or even that he is out on the bank; Mr. Hussey reports that the reptile grunted with satisfaction at the tickling after it was on dry land.

It seems a frightful treachery that, after enticing the crocodile in this pleasant way, the hunters should kill and eat him. Crocodile meat enjoys no great reputation among white men as an article of food. I have known only one man who has tried it, and he said that the meat is tough and tastes very fishy. The hides, however, have a value besides what comes from being stuffed to sell to tourists, and the natives tell me that each male crocodile contains a little sac of musk that is useful for making the strong perfume that the Orientals love.

In ancient Egypt the crocodile was the tribal god, named Sebek, of the province of Fayum, and a great temple dedicated to him stood in the chief city, which the Greeks afterwards called "Crocodilopolis." The Greek geographer, Strabo, visited this place and speaks of sacred crocodiles wearing gold earrings and other ornaments fastened in punctures in the horny hide. These sacred crocodiles were mummified when they died.

A very interesting crocodile story is told in a hieratic papyrus called the Westcar papyrus, first translated by Professor Erman of Berlin. This papyrus, which was prob-

ably written about 2000 B.C., says that old King Cheops, who built the great pyramid at Giza, once had his sons tell him stories of the magicians of former times. The first story is lost, but it seems to have been about magic performed by Imhotep, the great architect of King Zoser. The second is the crocodile story, and was told by Chephren, who was afterwards king of Egypt and built the second great pyramid at Giza. He said that in the reign of King Nebka, about a hundred years before, there was a magician named Weba-ner, to whom a certain young man had done a great injury. The magician learned that this young man went at certain times to bathe in a lake belonging to the magician. So he called for his casket of ebony and gold, and with his magical implements he made a crocodile of wax, seven handbreadths long. He spoke a charm over the crocodile, saying: "Whoever comes to bathe in my lake, seize him." Then he gave it to his steward to throw into the water after the young man, when he went to bathe. When the wax image touched the water, it became a live crocodile, seven ells (thirteen feet) long, which seized the young man and held him in its mouth. When the steward told Weba-ner, the magician said nothing for seven days, and the young man was in the water without breathing. On the eighth day King Nebka came into the garden, and Weba-ner went before him and said: "Will Your Majesty come and see a marvel which has happened in your reign?" So they went to the bathing place, and Weba-ner called to the crocodile:

"Bring the young man here." And it came forth holding him in its mouth. His Majesty, King Nebka, was afraid of the crocodile and said to Weba-ner: "Excuse me, but this crocodile is very frightful." So the

magician stooped and took up the crocodile, and it became a small wax image in his hand. Then he related to the king the injury that the young man had done him, and the king commanded the crocodile to take its prey. So the wax image became once more a live crocodile, seized the young man and plunged with him into the lake, never to be seen again.

Then Prince Chephren, who had told the story, said to his father: "Behold, that is a miracle which the chief lector-priest performed in the time of your ancestor, King Nebka." And King Cheops ordered, saying: "Let one thousand loaves of bread, one hundred jars of beer, an ox and two measures of incense be offered to the ka of King Nebka; a cake, a jar of beer, a large roast of meat and one measure of incense to the magician, Weba-ner." And it was done.

This offering of food to the dead was one of the most essential practices of the Egyptian religion. Like many other primitive people, the Egyptians believed that life after death was in a world of spirits, but exactly like life on earth. The soul, or ka, of a man looked just like the man when alive and needed food, drink and entertainment as before death. Therefore, every tomb had an offering place above ground where food and drink could be laid for the use of the dead;

and on the walls of this offering place, which was a room, pictures were painted or carved showing the man eating at table with his wife, hunting in the swamps with his children, watching the counting of his herds or the plowing of his fields, playing games, and doing many other things in which the Egyptians found pleasure.

When a funerary priest recited the magic formula that conveyed the spirits of the offerings to the ka of a man, he said: "May the king give an offering, Anubis, lord of the beautiful land [that is, the land of the dead]. May he give bread, beer, cakes and all good clean things for the soul of —," and then he named the man with all his titles. Anubis was the god of the dead, but Osiris was also named and other gods. Now last winter, the Harvard-Boston Expedition found the tomb of a son of King Cheops, and on the walls of his offering place some enemy of the prince had erased his name wherever it occurred, and had hacked away the magical scenes carved for the benefit of the prince. The person who hated the prince had destroyed his name in order that the priests might not know the name to use in the offering formula. Thus he thought to condemn the prince to go hungry, thirsty and naked through all time, or perhaps to perish miserably.

Giving without Losing

The ancient Egyptian custom of offering food at the grave persists to the present day in Egypt. On the day of each of the two great Mohammedan festivals, in the gray dawn, family parties of peasants may be seen making their way through the fields to the cemetery on the desert. The women carry baskets of bread, which they lay beside the grave, and then they squat on the ground in the little enclosure. The scribes go about and when requested read a certain chapter of the Koran over and over, perhaps a hundred or two hundred times. They are usually paid in bread from the offerings and adjust the number of their recitations to the probable reward, judging by the supply in the baskets. After the ceremony, which lasts a few hours, no family may eat of the bread offered to their own dead. The rich people give it away to the poor, and on that day the cemeteries are thronged with beggars. The poor cannot afford to give away good food, and so the women manage the affair very cleverly. The men pretend not to know what is being done; but Fatimah and Lateefa, being neighbors, have already noted that each has about the same amount of bread. So at the last moment they exchange baskets, and each family has given to the poor without any loss to itself.

Then they return to the village, and all have on brand-new clothes, the little girls in red or green or yellow gowns, of plush if possible, with gayly embroidered caps on their heads. Everyone goes about to his friends saying, "May you be prosperous and well all the year," and there are cakes and meats to eat everywhere, and coffee in little cups. The sellers of sweets go through the streets carrying a long pole with fluttering ribbons; and about the pole are twisted two ropes of white and pink taffy, from which they twist off bits to sell. The long day comes to an end, and soon after dark people go to sleep, most of them on mats on the floor, but well-fed at any rate for that one day.

If you ask them why they bring bread to the graves, they answer, "It is our custom; we have always done so." Though they do not know it, the peasant women of Egypt have practiced this custom for over five thousand years, and proof of the antiquity of the belief on which the custom rests has been found in the graves of Egyptians of the stone age, when they used flint arrows and spears and stone battle axes.



Crocodile Tickling

LADY CARRUTHERS

Chapter Seven. Three scores are settled

By Katherine M. Harbaugh

DRIVING home in his high-powered car, Silas Swinn was in a surly mood. The long drive was tiresome, and he shifted in his seat and half closed his eyes against the desert glare. He sighed with relief as he neared the hill where the Carruthers lived; then he scowled, remembering the Basque's failure to get that land. He would have to work some other scheme, for he didn't intend to have poor white trash living so near him; besides, he wanted every acre of land he could get in that township.

It should not be difficult to conquer a couple like that—an old white-haired woman and a puny cripple. Squinting far ahead at the dusty highway, Swinn began to lay plans. Then he saw a man a few rods ahead of him waiting in the road.

"Somebody wants to bum a ride," snarled Swinn impatiently. "I'll not stop."

But, contrary to this decision, he suddenly jammed on the brakes, for the man held place directly in his path, and when he threw up his arm in a gesture of command there was the glint of sun on metal. A revolver! Silas's mind leaped to a conclusion. "Holding me up! Well, he won't get much."

But a flicker of fear passed over his face when he recognized Larry Sullivan. The last time he had talked with Sullivan the man had been in a red rage—blustering, arguing. Now he was white and grim; silent too, with his revolver leveled, until at last Swinn snapped: "Well, what's all this? A common holdup?"

"No," said Sullivan, "it's an uncommon one. I told you I'd take satisfaction out of your hide if the courts gave me none. Get out of that car."

Swinn had long depended on his money and his lawyers to fight his battles. He temporized. "Now—look here—my man—"

"I'm not your man. Get out of that car, Swinn. Hurry! I haven't got all day to settle with you. Somebody will be coming along; get out—and don't you forget to keep your hands up!"

Under the menace of that bitter voice and the pointing revolver Silas Swinn slid out of the car.

"But you can't do this," he protested. "Think what you're doing! Shoot me, and me unarmed? You'll swing for it, don't forget that, Sullivan. A man of my standing can't be murdered and no one pay the penalty. Do you want to pay that high a price for revenge, my m—"

"Don't you 'my man' me!" exclaimed Sullivan, "and I'm not going to murder you." He stood over Swinn, towered head and shoulders above the grizzled, trembling man. Larry's blue eyes were dark with anger, his young face was set in hard lines. "I'm going to lick you with my bare hands, and when I'm through—" a cold smile twisted his lips.

Silas Swinn shivered. His pulse had steadied when Sullivan assured him that his intention was not murder—but to be man-handled by this brawny giant! He shuddered and darted a glance up and down the road. They had stopped almost in front of the old Bryson house. But nobody was there except that foolish old woman. Even her crippled son was away, tinkering round at Jenkins's place. No use to call for help, unless some car should pass.

Sullivan read his thoughts. "And if any car comes by, you're to keep still." His eyes narrowed. "There's one coming west now. Don't you try to signal them, or I'll finish you right then."

Silas Swinn felt a chill run down his spine. There was so much deadly purpose in the man's voice. He looked at the car. It was still three miles away. That would give him a few minutes to argue with this madman. Maybe he could reason with him. "Look here, Sullivan," he began, "I'm willing to talk to you; if you think you haven't had a square deal—"

"I don't want to hear you talk—and I know what kind of a deal I got. So do you. No, when I wanted to talk to you a year ago you wouldn't give me a civil word. And I've had to see my wife go in rags and do without medicine when she was sick—go without

good food even—" he broke off to watch the approaching car.

Silas Swinn thought desperately. If he tried to hail the car there was a chance that the driver would speed by without heeding his signal. His automobile would suggest car trouble, and many motorists, like himself, refused to be bothered by another's difficulties. And if he succeeded in stopping the car, Sullivan might shoot him, in a fit of anger, as he had threatened. But with the occupants of the motor as witnesses he believed Sullivan would hesitate to shoot him in the back if he ran away. He couldn't jump into his car, for Sullivan stood between it and him. He would have to trust to his legs. As the machine bore down upon them, Swinn whirled and ran towards the Carruthers house.

The people in the car must have noted the standing automobile and the two men beside it. Nothing unusual about that. But when one man leaped away and sprinted wildly down the road—didn't that look a bit queer? Probably it did arouse a momentary curiosity, for the driver, overtaking the fleeing Silas, slackened his speed; but simultaneously Silas left the road, hurled himself through a gap in the fence and raced up the path to the door. The motorist drove on. Silas grasped the door-knob and entered, ashen faced and gasping for breath.

Sue Harris, who had been sitting on the edge of the table, stood up instantly. Mrs. Carruthers, whose back was toward the door, jumped and screamed, but when she saw Silas's abject panic she recovered her self possession.

"What in time brings you here, Silas Swinn?" she demanded, as she recognized him.

Silas was craven. He stepped past her to a window and saw that Sullivan was following. He was not running but stalked along slowly; his very deliberateness added to Swinn's terror.

"Help me, Mrs. Carruthers," he begged. "That brute wants to kill me. He's armed, and I'm not; he's young, and I'm getting old. Oh, my good woman, save me!"

Lady Carruthers drew her slight frame up to its fullest stature. She looked at him measuringly. "Well, some things aren't worth saving," she said, "but I'll see. You

go into the other room." Trembling, Swinn obeyed.

With one glance at Sue the old woman took the rifle that Andrew had left there the week before when he was returning from a rabbit hunt. "Leave it with Grandma," Sue had said to him. "You won't be using it, and she ought to have something like that when Jason's away." "Land sakes! Nobody'd harm me!" Lady Carruthers had exclaimed. But now the rifle was here. She picked it up and opened the door as Sullivan set his foot on the porch. He had his revolver in his hand, but he was not prepared for the rifle barrel this astounding old woman shoved in his face. A reluctant admiration sparkled in his eyes. "You got the drop on me, Grandma," he acknowledged, "and I have no quarrel with you. Be kind enough to send out that sneaking robber, Silas Swinn, and I'll not trouble you."

"Shame on you, setting on an unarmed man!" cried the old woman indignantly. "Of course I'll not send him out!"

"I'm not meaning to shoot him. This is just to persuade him to come within reaching distance," Sullivan hastily assured her. "Send him out, and I'll give you my gun to hold while I settle with him."

"What are you so riled over?" asked Mrs. Carruthers.

"You know how that old robber's sheep have ruined me. Right now I'm head over heels in debt. They ate my crops into the ground last year, and now the judge has awarded me less than my seed. Bandied a heap of big words and tried to show it was my own fault. This Swinn had the judge in his pocket, Grandma, and so I'm going to give the skunk a little first-hand justice. Send him out if you don't want me to come in after him."

"But see here!" remonstrated Mrs. Carruthers. "You're a bigger man than he is. You're younger and stronger—it wouldn't be fair."

"Yes, and he had a bigger purse than mine, and his influence was stronger—so he ruined me. Was that fair? Now, I aim to use the only weapons I have to get even—" With a sudden movement he seized the barrel of the rifle and wrenched it from her grasp. "Come, Grandma," he said with a grim smile. "You're not much on gun play.

Send your friend out to take his medicine, or I'll come in after him."

Sue trembled. Would Larry make the very mistake her father had warned him against?

Mrs. Carruthers's black eyes snapped indignantly. "You're pretty brash, young man, grabbing my gun and naming Silas Swinn my friend. I call that an insult! Just the same I forbid you to come in this house."

"Sorry, Grandma," Sullivan grasped her not ungently by the shoulder and pushed her aside. He strode into the room and made for the inner door. Silas Swinn, white and shaking, stood in the little bedroom.

"My patience!" exclaimed Mrs. Carruthers, trotting at the big man's heels. "If you'd had a mite of sense, Silas Swinn, you'd have opened the window and made tracks! I gave you time." But as she spoke she darted past Sullivan and placed herself in front of Swinn, who had backed into a corner. "You can't touch this man, Larry! He's in my house, and I'm bound to protect him!"

Sullivan put down the rifle, shoved his revolver into its holster and stepped nearer the cowering Swinn. He reached for him, but Lady Carruthers threw wide her arms. "You can't touch him!" she cried.

"Out of the way, Grandma," ordered Sullivan, "I'd sure hate to hurt a lady."

"Well, you'll have to hurt me and hurt me bad if you take this man out of my house," declared the old woman defiantly.

"Come out like a man, Swinn!" roared Sullivan. "Don't hide behind a woman."

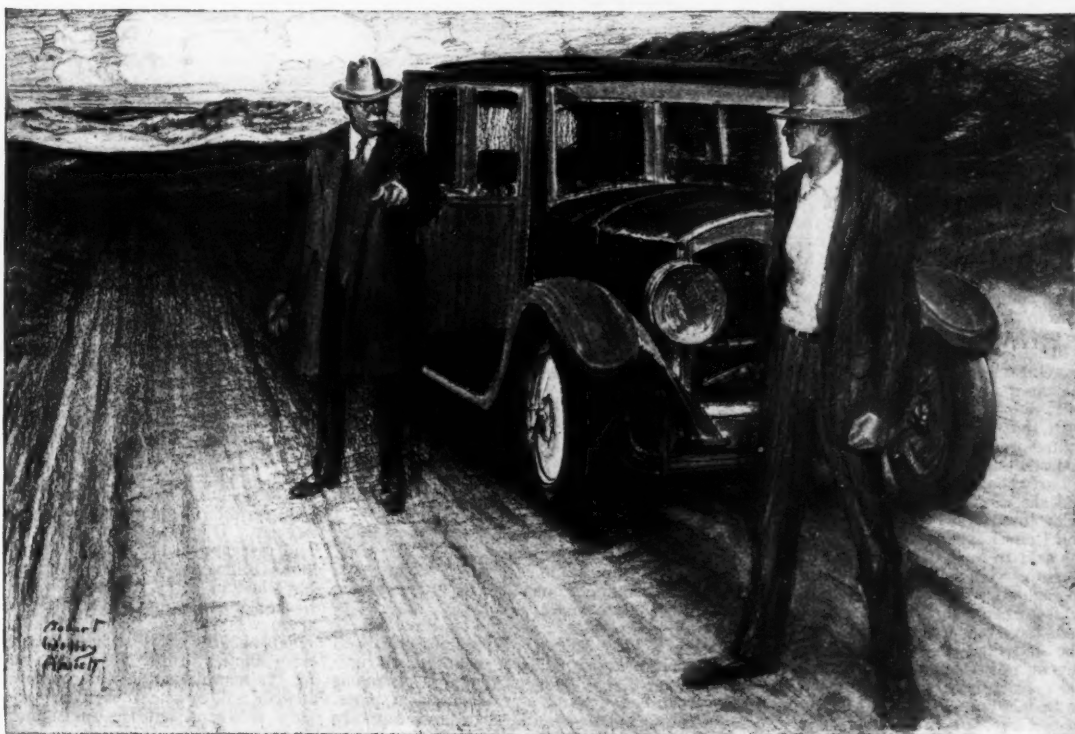
"I can't fight you," whimpered Swinn.

"Coward!" Sullivan's eyes blazed. He appealed to Mrs. Carruthers. "You don't know this man, Grandma, or you wouldn't help him."

"Deed I do know him! He wouldn't even let my crippled boy and me have water from his well. And then he bargained with one of these foreigners to file on this land so we wouldn't have a roof over our heads."

"Then he's no friend of yours; let me at him."

"No." Grandma's voice was stubborn. Sullivan was baffled. He didn't want to hurt the old woman, but it should be easy to reach round her and jerk Swinn out of the corner. He tried it, but Mrs. Carruthers frustrated this move; she clutched his arm and would not let go. Of course he could have



DRAWN BY R. W. AMICE

Silas Swinn slid out of the car

AMOS HARDY'S "BABY"

By T. T. Flynn

thrown her to one side, but angry as he was something in him revolted at using violence with anyone so tiny and so old.

Swinn now found his voice. "Sullivan," he sputtered, "go 'way and leave me be and I'll settle with you at the amount of damage you claimed."

"Hear that!" Mrs. Carruthers looked keenly at Sullivan. "Of course if you're as Irish as your name you'd rather fight it out. But look, lad, it wouldn't be a fight—this Swinn has handled sheep too long. Ever know a sheep to fight?"

Larry smiled unwillingly.

"Just forget the fighting, lad, and take him up on his offer. Then you'll be hurting him where he lives. Money! That will give him a pain, and it will do you a heap more good than crippling your hands on his hard head."

"He's only talking," muttered Sullivan, eyeing Swinn with suspicion.

"How much do you reckon he owes you?" asked Mrs. Carruthers.

"Eight hundred dollars, at least," was the reply.

"That sounds like a lot. Have you got eight hundred about you, Silas Swinn?"

"It isn't a lot," put in Sue, angrily. "Make it nine hundred for good measure."

"You heard that, Silas Swinn," Mrs. Carruthers said. "Make it nine hundred. Can you pay it?"

"I have a check book," Swinn's voice was eager.

"He'll stop payment on a check," objected Sullivan.

"Will you?" the old woman demanded.

"No," Swinn's denial was emphatic.

"He'll say I got it by force," muttered Larry.

"He'd better not," Mrs. Carruthers chuckled. "If he does, I'll tell how he hid in the corner. And there are other witnesses." She glanced at Sue. Swinn's face reddened, but he was silent. "Remember, Silas Swinn, you offered Larry Sullivan this money yourself," said Mrs. Carruthers grimly.

Swinn drew his check book and fountain pen from his pocket with fingers that trembled. The old woman peered at him. "You understand, Silas Swinn, you're not to have this hot-headed Irishman arrested for offering to lick you?" Swinn muttered an affirmative and filled in the check. Mrs. Carruthers handed it to Sullivan. "May it help you out, lad," she said gently.

"Can I go?" asked Silas Swinn.

Sullivan nodded. Mrs. Carruthers looked down her nose at the rich sheepman. "Sure, and good riddance," she said cordially.

She and Sue and Sullivan stood in the door and watched Swinn as he drove away. Then Larry looked at the check. "It doesn't seem possible," he said wonderingly.

"Better get it cashed in the morning," counseled the old woman, "though I don't believe he'll make trouble."

"He made it nine hundred. He owed me eight hundred above what the court allowed. That extra hundred belongs to you, Lady Carruthers."

"It does," put in Sue; "that's why—"

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Carruthers. But Sullivan had already drawn out a bill fold. "With what I had and what the judge paid me, I've just got that much." He thumbed over five twenty-dollar bills and thrust them into her hand. "Bully for you, Lady Carruthers! If it wasn't for you I'd have slapped his face and thumped his frame and then had to pay a fine for my fun. And bully for you too, Miss Harris. You did get a contribution out of him after all. I'm here to say so. But I can't help feeling that he will have me arrested."

"No, lad. He won't want the news to travel. He won't want it aired in public with me for a witness—and of course Sue can talk, too," said Mrs. Carruthers knowingly. In that she was a true prophet, as the future proved. About this episode Swinn's lips were sealed.

Larry shook her hand heartily in parting, and she watched him as he cut across the fields towards his home. "And Silas Swinn and I never spoke to each other till today," she said to Sue. Her shoulders shook with laughter. "We made a flying start at getting acquainted. Well, well, I feel as if I were Wall Street. Won't Jason start when he finds these bills under his plate for supper?" She smoothed the currency with caressing fingers, but a smoldering regret burned in her eyes. Presently it found voice. "If only he hadn't burst in here so I was bound to protect him. If only he hadn't! Then I could have watched Larry give him a licking with a clear conscience. Drat the luck, anyway!"

TO BE CONCLUDED.



AMOS HARDY and his "Baby" had seen better days—days when Amos's Baby reigned queen of the road, when Amos cleaned her with loving hands, petted, all but worshipped, her as he drove her swaying madly, surging ahead in mighty bursts, eating up the miles in dizzy succession.

It was not only along the road that Amos and his engine reigned supreme. In the roundhouse the Baby was a petted favorite among her lesser sisters. From the inspection pits to the ash pits, under the coal tipple and the sand house, over the turntable into her stall in the roundhouse, she was handled with deference. Her brasses were never allowed an extra bit of play, her cross-heads never lacked for babbit. The head grease-man himself renewed her grease-pads and packed her boxes. The choicest coal in the yard went on her tender.

But that belonged to the past. The varying fortunes of a railroader separated Amos

nection with the afternoon train on the main line. In vain Amos strove to keep their record clear. Twice they were delayed by failure of parts on the decrepit train. Several times overworked parts of the locomotive gave way before they were replaced at the semi-monthly grooming in the distant roundhouse. Finally, as a last straw, a car of dirty, worthless coal was shunted on the siding for fuel. In spite of Luke's best efforts it would not keep steam up in the ancient boiler, and they were late several more times.

One day Amos found Johnson standing beside him—Johnson, superintendent of motive power, the big boss.

Johnson frowned. "We've been getting some bad reports about this run, Amos. The statements show the blame belongs to the engine."

"We were late, two or three times," Amos admitted. "Any engine is liable to fail, Mr. Johnson. She needs a few repairs, that's all. A good cleaning for her boiler, some new cylinder packing—just a little would do wonders for her, sir."



DRAWN BY R. L. LAMBDIN

A solid wall of flame rose on either side

from his engine. Larger, more powerful locomotives were built. Amos Hardy's Baby was shifted about at will, until at last she arrived on the jerk-water branch from Rawlings to Kingaroo Lake.

The years dealt no better with Amos Hardy. A matter of a sleepless night, a raging headache and a careless fireman presented Amos with a badly burnt crown sheet, an event that forever removed him from the ranks of main-line engineers. Way freight, yard engines and an occasional out-of-the-way trip were his until fate took a hand and assigned him to run once a day from Rawlings to Kingaroo Lake and return.

Thus Amos was present when his Baby meandered up to the scene of her final disgrace. The years had marked them impartially. Amos's hair was white, his shoulders stooped, and his joints were rheumatic. The engine was a dirty rusty color, her pilot sagged in front and her cab behind; her boiler was sealed and her flues clogged, even as Amos's arteries were hardened.

Luke Evans, assigned to fire for Amos, eyed the engine dubiously. "Good grief, what a tramp!" he exclaimed. "They got a nerve sending a pot like that and expecting us to get anywhere."

For two years Amos and his Baby hauled the rickety train to Kingaroo Lake and return every day. The engine became a little more loose jointed, a trifle more querulous when called on to exert her ancient parts. Young Luke was obliged to labor mightily to keep sufficient pressure in the boiler.

But more frequently as time passed Amos's Baby began to be late for her con-

"She's not worth it. And the run has to be made on schedule. We have an engine in the roundhouse at Clinton that will be just the thing for this job."

"But, Mr. Johnson," Amos pleaded, "I don't want another engine now. I'm used to this one. She reminds me of the days when we used to run on the main line together. Leave her to me. We'll get in on time after this. I give you my word."

Johnson hesitated as he saw the old man's distress. "All right," he said finally. "If you feel that way about it, Amos, I guess you can keep her for a time. But no more late trips, or away she goes. A railroad isn't run on sentiment, you know."

"I know," Amos agreed, heavily. "I found that out long ago, when I first got set down."

Midsummer arrived. The weather grew steadily warmer. It had not rained for weeks. Amos, brooding, scarcely noticed the drying out of the ground and all things on it.

Meanwhile the long dry spell was causing concern. The country between Rawlings and Kingaroo Lake was heavily wooded. Long, rolling miles of trees and underbrush stretched in every direction; virgin forest in spots, second growth in others. Of farming there was virtually none. The few settlements between Rawlings and Kingaroo Lake were lumber towns. They contained mills for the manufacture of wooden ware and a lumber mill or so. All of them cut only as they used and left the rest standing for future needs. The woods were drier than they had been for years. The underbrush, tinder-like, needed but a spark to flare into seething

fury. The giant pines brooded, century-formed torches. Let a tiny blaze go undiscovered for thirty minutes and no human power could check it. The situation was so serious that patrols were formed to watch and notices sent out, warning all who entered the woods to be careful with fire of any sort. And the rain held off.

In any gathering in which Amos happened to find himself the topic was discussed sooner or later. "Uncle" Ed Biglow, the postmaster, expressed the general apprehension before the nightly assembly on the porch of Cotter's general store.

"Forty-three years, come month after next," he said, "I've been around these parts, and I never knew such a dry spell. Mark my words, there's going to be trouble back in the woods if it doesn't rain soon. And the folks that work in the mills are going to be in the thick of it."

Lafe Bitters, the night-tower operator, eyed Amos Hardy, who sat on the outer rim of the gathering. "Mark my words too," he prophesied. "There's going to be trouble mighty quick if some one doesn't stop that pot o' fire from running through the woods and spouting sparks all over the country. There ought to be a law against letting one of 'em move through woods like that in dry weather."

"Meanin' my engine, I suppose?" Amos asked.

"Just so," Lafe said. "I meant that old wreck of yours."

Amos straightened. "That engine's no more a wreck than I am."

"You're a wreck too," snapped Lafe. "You oughta been retired long ago."

Some one chuckled. Amos's face grew red. He stood up and shook his fist at the group. "Laugh!" he shouted. "Laugh like a passel o' fools! I don't want any truck with any of you." Shaking with anger, he made his way to the side track where his Baby dozed. He climbed into the cab and remained there far into the night, strangely comforted by the association.

Another week passed with no sign of rain. Finally the long dreaded came to pass. A half hour before Amos and his engine finished their day's work a thin column of smoke drifted upward, miles back in the woods, away from the railroad and the few settlements. By the time Amos was ready to leave for his room the column had grown tenfold. It no longer drifted lazily upward. It rolled and leaped as though spewed forth from a giant furnace.

Luke, who had lingered to watch, pointed to the direction the smoke was taking. "Blowing away from the railroad," he said. "If the wind holds, there won't be any danger."

"Umph," said Amos, gazing at the mounting clouds. "There'll be danger till it's out." Seizing his dinner pail, he put an end to the conversation by starting for Mrs. Callahan's boarding-house.

Amos was awakened by some one pounding on the door of his room. He sat up in bed, sleepy, bewildered, clearing his eyes with the back of his fist. The pounding continued. Lafe Bitters called. "Get up, Amos; the wind's turned."

"What of it?"

"It's sweeping the fire down on the railroad."

"Let it," growled Amos, sinking back among the covers. "It's not my railroad." The voice, traceable this time to Lafe Bitters, burst out, "It's not the railroad, you obstinate old fool. It's the folks along the way that are going to get caught. The wind's freshened and is driving the fire down on 'em. You've got to get 'em out before the blaze gets to 'em, or they'll all burn up."

Amos sat up abruptly. The shock cleared his head like a dash of cold water. It lay with him whether the people along the road would greet the morrow, homeless at best but alive.

"Get Luke," he cried. "Tell him to get steam up. Telegraph the folks along the line to be ready. We'll get 'em out all right."

Amos's window faced away from the fire, but when he gained the street, half dressed, it was plain that Lafe Bitters had spoken

the truth. A wall of flame rose on the horizon. In the red light that filled the sky immense clouds of smoke shot with sparks billowed upward and rolled fantastically until lost in space.

There was a group standing round the locomotive when Amos stumbled up, his breath coming in gasps, his knees feeling strangely weak. Luke was already in the cab, working mightily with slice bar and rake. Amos glanced at the gauge. The steam was low. It would be at least fifteen minutes before they could leave.

A sudden resolve seized him. He lifted the lid of the seat box and drew forth a monkey wrench. Brandishing the wrench in one hand and an oil torch in the other, he opened the front cab window and stepped out on the running board. From there he clambered stiffly to the top of the boiler. Balancing the torch beside him, he took the wrench and screwed down on the tension nut of the safety valve. There was no time to try to set it. He screwed down tight and made his way back into the cab.

"Watch that steam gauge," he shouted above the roar of the blower. "I just set the safety valve so it can't pop. Put her at two hundred and keep her there. Not a pound over, or the whole shebang's liable to go up."

Luke nodded and fell to work on the fire again, nursing it, feeding it coal a bit at a time, leveling with a rake, shaking the last bit of dead cinders from under, working for a smooth bed of white-hot flames that would draw the cold air up through and spew it forth in blasts of white-hot heat.

Amos clambered to the ground with his long-spout oil-can. A hot bearing might lose the race. He paused long enough to shout to Winslow, his conductor, when Winslow hurried up half dressed, "Fix those coaches and the three empty steel freight cars on the siding, Ed, so's I can couple up to 'em. We'll need every one."

By the time the engine had backed to the penstock and filled her tank with water and coupled to her train the steam gauge showed a hundred and eighty pounds pressure. Already the engine seemed to feel new life. The weariness of years fell away from her as her pressure rose. Her blower took on a deeper note, one that filled Amos's breast with satisfaction as he listened.

Looking back along the train to see that all was clear, Amos pulled down on the whistle cord. Quite as though it was the start of their daily run, Ed Winslow stepped on the platform of the last car and pulled the signal cord twice. The locomotive trembled, pulled out the slack on the draw bars, gave an experimental puff, a deeper one and finally, as though convinced, leaped forward with mighty blasts from her exhausts.

Her headlight threw a gleaming shaft far down the track, fading off at last into the red haze into which they were advancing. The glow was brighter. The wall of fire was perceptibly nearer the line of track.

Amos pulled the throttle out to the last notch. When the engine had taken it all up he seized the great Johnson bar and began to cut the valves back. The engine began to run. Not in years had her ancient parts moved so. A thrill ran through Amos. It was like a page from their earlier days. He pulled the bar back another notch, opened the lubricator wider and settled back in his swaying seat. The exhaust of the engine rose to a wild bellow. The individual notes of her machinery merged into a frenzied blur. She fled like an enraged monster into the path of the flames.

Knightstown lay fourteen miles from Rawlings by air line. Amos Hardy's Baby threw the shriek of her whistle round the curve to the little group at the station less than fifteen minutes from the time she left Rawlings.

Showering streams of fire from her brake shoes, the train ground to a stop, trembled an instant while the people clambered on and again took up its flight. Before the next stop was reached ten miles farther on, the smoke began to close down.

Luke struggled with the fire. Never before had the engine used so much steam. Never before had she used so much coal. The draft sucked half of each shovel out through the stack. But the needle quivered steadily at two hundred pounds. Again and again Luke braced himself, filled his shovel with coal and sprawled against the side of the cab as they careened round a curve. Each time he picked himself up, glanced at the gauge and attacked the fire again.

Amos crouched in his seat, his eyes strained ahead. A wild joy filled his heart. Once he chuckled out loud. "Wonder what

they think of the old wrecks now," he muttered to himself.

Five stops they made at as many hamlets and took on the terrified people and then picked up for the final stretch to Kingaroo Lake. The cars were about filled, Amos judged. There was the final group at Kingaroo Lake and then the run back to Rawlings, a straight run if they were lucky. If the fire reached the tracks before they did, human efforts would cease to count. If the ties did not burn out and allow the rails to spread, if no trees fell across the way, if—Amos turned his thoughts away from the possibilities of disaster. A few minutes would tell.

Ahead lay Iron Hill, and beyond that the slope to the lake. At the bottom Amos dropped the bar forward, and the engine pounded her way to the top and dropped, whistle shrieking wildly, down the other side to the lake.

While the waiting people clambered aboard Amos ran the engine out on the Y tracks, backed round and coupled to the rear of the train, ready for the run to Rawlings.

The station agent ran up to the engine. "The key's been dead about three minutes!" he cried. "I guess the fire's got to the tracks."

Amos nodded and glanced ahead. Down the ridge of Iron Hill outposts of the main blaze were creeping over the top. Beyond the crest, on the line with the railroad, nothing but a sea of red was visible. Kingaroo Lake was very small. In every direction lay the ranks of forest. There was nothing to do but run for it. Once more he pulled the whistle cord, and Ed Winslow gave the signal to go.

The return trip was a page of horror. They topped Iron Hill and five miles beyond ran into the fire. Small, scattered blazes started by the rain of burning fragments appeared on every side. Then with a rush they were in the midst of the main fire. A solid wall of flame rose on either side. Luke dropped the back curtain and closed the window on his side. Amos, beaten back by the blasts of heat, sought relief by closing his window also. The engine, undaunted, fled toward Rawlings.

For twenty minutes they were in the inferno. Twice Amos saw great trees, pillars of fire beside the track, waver, begin to fall as they roared by. But they fell on an empty track. Amos Hardy's Baby came into her own, raged as madly as the fire about her. Amos looked at the steam gauge. Luke, oblivious of fatigue, of the torture of the heat, still kept the needle at two hundred. "Let her go to two ten," Amos shrieked. "We might as well blow up as burn up!"

They did not blow up. The engine took the extra pounds of steam and turned them into dizzying speed. A great faintness closed down upon Amos. The heat clutched at him, stifled him. He gasped for breath. The world turned into a vast sheet of licking flames through which they plunged endlessly.

The window on Luke's side crashed in. The cab filled with sparks and smoke. They were both blinded. Amos tore his large handkerchief from his neck and wrapped it over his face. Luke, choking, did likewise. And then everything went black to Amos.

He was awakened by a draft of cool air. The cab filled with sparks and smoke. He threw his window back and leaned out in the passing blast, drinking in great draughts of it. Luke was hanging out the other side. A shudder of thankfulness shook Amos's frame. A sudden recollection made him start. "Luke!" he shouted across the cab. "Let that steam go down to her regular pressure. It's no use hunting trouble." He eased the throttle forward and checked their mad flight.

It was after dawn when Amos finished an account of the run to Johnson, who had hastened to Rawlings when reports of the fire reached him.

"That old engine's like me, Mr. Johnson," Amos declared. "We both look pretty bad, but we have lots of good in us yet."

Johnson nodded. There was a slight huskiness in his voice as he answered. "I know it, Amos. You've proved it tonight. You can't be rewarded enough."

Amos gazed past him to the spur track where his engine reposed peacefully under her mantle of charred wood and ashes. He shook his head. "I guess folks don't do those things for payment, Mr. Johnson. They—they just do 'em. I'm satisfied to stay with my engine and keep on running."

Johnson's eyes were moist as he replied, "Bless you, Amos. Take your old rattletrap and stay with her till you both fall apart."



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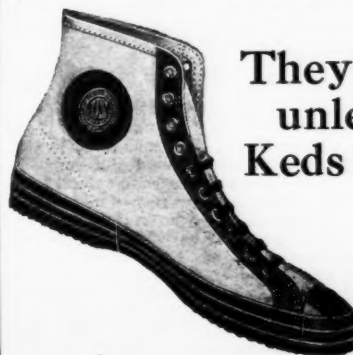
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FACT AND COMMENT



THE FIRST PRINCIPLE of business is that you cannot spend the same dollar twice.

Be schooled to Wait, with Patience unabating,
But keep on Doing Something while you're waiting.

MANKIND HAS BEEN a long time considering life. Almost everything that is worth while has already been said. But to one who feels sincerely, the idea that provokes that emotion is new.

A YOUNG MAN who works in a garage has found a new use for lipsticks. The place was overrun with mice, for which he had been unable to discover any tempting bait until he noticed that they had gnawed a lipstick that some one had dropped on the floor. He tried it, and it worked. It has always been understood that lipsticks were used as a bait, but not for anything so intelligent as mice.

WE HAVE BEFORE US a report of the United States Weather Bureau covering the weather for last April all over the country. It contains many interesting statistics; some of them vividly illustrate the extraordinary diversity of climate that exists in such great states as California, for example. California is five-sixths the size of Germany within its present frontiers, and its northern and southern boundaries are as far apart as Hamburg and Genoa, or Quebec and Richmond, Virginia. During this particular month of April one California weather station recorded a temperature of 106° Fahrenheit, whereas another reported a reading of 13° below zero. In the matter of precipitation the range was no less extraordinary. One station observed a rainfall of 14.63 inches; at another not a single drop of rain fell during the month.

ARCTIC EXPLORERS are always sure of public recognition. They are credited with unusual courage and endurance and pitied for the hardships they must face. Somehow tropical explorers get far less attention, though they probably have to suffer more discomfort than their Arctic brethren and are much more likely to meet disease or even death in the course of their wanderings than they. We are led to make these observations by the news of the return of Dr. Alexander H. Rice, who has made no less than seven trips to explore the unknown country along the upper Amazon and between that river basin and the Orinoco. It is a trackless, miasmatic jungle, steaming hot about all the time, beautiful in the luxuriance of its plant life, but uninhabited except by a few savage or semisavage Indian tribes. Doctor Rice has been studying this region—which includes some five hundred thousand square miles—for almost a quarter of a century, and the world has learned from him almost everything it knows about the middle and upper courses of the Amazon.

NEW ART ON EXHIBITION

AN interesting exposition has been attracting visitors to Paris this summer; it is the Exposition of the Decorative Arts, and it is offering to the public view the ideas of the younger and more enterprising artists all over the world in architecture, interior decoration and furniture. The directors of the exposition began by determining that nothing but work in original styles should be admitted. That accounts for the fact that there is no American display to be seen. The United States is conservative artistically, just as it is politically and intellectually. Our artists in these lines do a great deal of very charming work; but except for their achievements in massive urban architecture, which are unsuitable for such an exposition as this at Paris, they have clung pretty closely to styles that have been tested and approved by time. They work often in what we call the colonial or Georgian mode; it is even now proposed to refurbish the entire White House, our most striking residential building, with the chairs and sofas and bedsteads of Sheraton and Heppelwhite, with the gate-leg tables and the block-front bureaus of our granddaddies. When we don't want colonial furniture in our houses we usually want Empire or mission,



Looking through a doorway in the Hall of Honor at the Exposition of the Decorative Arts in Paris. Classic lines and rococo decoration side by side

or something else we know all about. Distinctly original styles would not be popular, and not many American artists seem ambitious to make them popular.

The French exposition lies on both sides of the Seine between the Palace of Industry and the Invalides. The Bridge of Alexander III, which connects the two sections, is lined with little shops, the façades of which, quaintly compounded of features now severe and now ornate, are roofed in lines that seem to suggest in stone the looped and sagging tops of tents or canvas booths. These shops are full of articles of furniture or of bric-a-brac, curious and ingenious in design and ornament. The main galleries are built to display the most modern conceptions of domestic and public architecture. We give at the top of this page a picture of one of the interiors—that of a doorway in the Hall of Honor. Here again we see the contrast between the severe, classic lines of the doorway itself and the ornate, allegorical painting that surrounds it and the curved, rolled and looped masses of the decoration above and on either side. There is a great deal that is interesting to be seen in all the buildings, and yet the feeling that the visitor has is that much is to be said for our American practice of clinging to artistic styles that are clearly good. A great deal of the effect of novelty that the modern European designers obtain is the result merely of mixing together details of contradictory character. Their "new" style is not an outgrowth or refinement of what has gone before, as all growing art should be. It is an attempt to surprise you with fantastic and jarring notes rather than to charm you with a harmony, well-balanced and carefully thought out. Where it has an accent of real novelty it has also a character almost Oriental. Many of the buildings and much of the decoration would look more at home in Moscow than in Paris.

At all events the exposition shows that European art is not falling into academic stagnation. If it faces danger, it is that of restless decadence. And that is precisely the state of things which one might have predicted as the result of so turbulent and destructive a period as that through which all Europe has passed and is passing.

THE AGE FOR COLLEGE

OCCASIONALLY we read items in the newspapers concerning mothers who have taken a college course along with their daughters, or about men of middle age or even advanced age who avail themselves of the opportunity, denied them in youth, to get a college education. Not long ago a magazine printed some articles written by one of these belated undergraduates describing college life as observed and experienced by a person of mature years. His conclusion was that, although he found it difficult in some

respects to hold his own with his younger classmates, he was better able than they to appreciate the value of college study and college teaching, and that on the whole a college education is an experience to which a man of intellectual interests had better come late than never.

But the qualifying phrase, "of intellectual interests," is important. Too many young men who are devoid of intellectual interests find their way into college; some of them even manage to graduate. And too many young men who have marked intellectual interests find themselves for one reason or another too old, as they think, to go to college when at last circumstances open the way.

It is the prevailing opinion that a boy should not be more than eighteen years old when he enters college—that if he enters at a later age he will find it too difficult to establish himself in business or in a profession. Suppose, the argument runs, that he wishes to be a doctor; he is twenty-two years old when he graduates from college, twenty-six at the end of his four-years' course in medical school, twenty-eight by the time he has completed his hospital service, and probably thirty by the time he has even begun to earn a living. Delay the beginning of his preparation by from one to five years, and the handicap is too great. Admitting the desirability of entering college as soon as one is in all respects well qualified, we believe that the handicap resulting from immaturity on the part of the college student is harder to overcome than that which arises from entrance at an age when both mind and character are well developed.

A HUNDRED YEARS OF PHOTOGRAPHY

EVERY boy and every girl who owns even the cheapest and simplest camera has a sort of residuary legatee's interest in an event that France has recently celebrated: the one hundredth anniversary of the invention of photography.

The name thus honored is not, as most Americans would have supposed, that of Daguerre, but of Nicéphore Niepce, whom the French regard, and probably with reason, as the pioneer in the great field of producing pictures by the action of light on surfaces sensitized by chemicals. It was he who broke the ground, one hundred years ago; but he died in 1833, and it was Daguerre, his partner, who ploughed the field and planted the seed from which the wonderful flower of modern photography has grown.

It is hard to realize today, when even the inexperienced can make beautiful pictures in one five-hundredth part of a second or less, what a wave of excitement swept over this country when Daguerre came over here and exhibited the result of his experiments.

The process was long, complicated and expensive, and, as compared with modern photography, intolerably slow. Imagine, you who are using your hand cameras every day, what a task it would be to get even your complacent and good-natured grandmother to sit perfectly still and look pleasant for three minutes. No wonder the faces of so many of the old daguerreotypes wear a set and solemn look! Still, the new invention was a wonderful thing, and it advanced rapidly. It was rightly regarded as better to sit for three minutes before an impersonal and unprejudiced lens and be sure of a likeness than to sit for hours or days before a portrait painter and get only his interpretation. And so improvements were made. The ambrotype followed the daguerreotype; the ferrotype, commonly known as the tintype, followed that; and so on, from wet plate to dry plate, to roll film and film pack and cut film, and at last the incredible capacities of the moving picture.

It is easy, in these days when every family has a snapshot album that contains dozens of pictures of every member, in as many different poses and settings, to overlook the value of the great gift that Niepce and Daguerre and their successors bequeathed to us. To prize it as we should, let us recall for a moment "the old gentleman who sits opposite" in The Professor at the Breakfast Table. Some drawings that the young girl, Iris, had been making had called up the memory of the old gentleman's long-dead mother. "If they had only taken pictures then as they do now!" he said. "All gone! All gone! Nothing but her face, as she leaned on the arms of her great chair; and I would give a hundred pound for the poorest little picture of her, such as you can buy for a shilling of anybody that you don't want to see."

ROADSIDE MARKETS

BEFORE the days of the automobile one would occasionally see in the suburbs of a city a small boy sitting on the lawn close to the sidewalk and behind a box on which stood a pitcher of lemonade and two or three tumblers. An awkwardly lettered placard announced that lemonade might be had for three cents a glass. In those days it never occurred to a grown-up person to establish a roadside stand for the sale of articles; such a venture would certainly have been unprofitable.

Nowadays, from early spring through late autumn, the roadside stands are a familiar sight. They bear not only jars and bowls of orangeade and lemonade but also the fruits and vegetables in their season. Each year, as the automobiles become more plentiful, the roadside markets become more numerous and diversified. Ice-cream cones and ginger ale are dispensed from them, cakes and pies and sandwiches; there will be lustrous jars of jelly and grape juice and cider and luscious baskets of peaches and plums and pears and apples; melons and squashes will ornament the tables, and sometimes asters and dahlias from the flower garden. In some parts of the country, notably New England, "antiques" are exhibited for sale by the roadside; and occasionally the tourist comes upon a wayside toyshop, a table bearing a fascinating assortment of gayly colored windmills and wooden figures, the ingenious craftsman who made them being himself the salesman.

Probably no one gets rich from one of these roadside markets; but heavy losses cannot result, and, with no great expenditure of time and effort, receipts that are a welcome supplement to the prospector's regular income are often derived. Furthermore, the displays are now so attractive that as a means of advertising the character of the community and the value of the land they are not to be despised.

THE STARS THIS WEEK

THE star Vega is one of the finest of the big stars. In the spring it lies low in the northeast in the early evening and shines higher and higher all night. By the late fall it starts the evening in the northwest and soon disappears. But in the summer evenings it is so high that the only way to observe it comfortably is by lying down.

COMING

Dr. Reiser's article, *Crocodiles and Magic*, on page 550 is a good example of the interesting articles that are to appear in early issues of *The Youth's Companion*. Some of the titles follow:

TRAILING THE FAIRS IN A BOX CAR, by Wendell S. Clappitt

FIRST IMPRESSIONS, by Frances Lester Warner

GETTING ON IN COLLEGE, by Dean Thomas A. Clark

GRIDIRON HEROES, by Walter Camp

THE BIOLOGY OF WORDS, by Robert P. Utter

Vega is a very brilliant blue-white star, twice as bright as necessary to make it first magnitude. It is also called Alpha Lyrae; this means that it is the brightest star in that group, and indeed it is the only star in that group which is at all bright, the rest being of third and fourth magnitudes.

It is best recognized by its two attendants, Epsilon and Zeta, with which it forms a little equilateral triangle about the size of the thumb nail held at arm's length. Vega is at its western corner, Epsilon is at the north

and Zeta at the south. Vega is about fifty times as bright as its attendants.

At first sight Zeta and Epsilon seem to be well matched twins, but a more careful scrutiny, especially if the eye is aided by an opera or field glass, shows that Epsilon is a twin all by itself! The two tiny points so close together can be seen separately only by the best eyes if unaided. When the observer first sees that this pair is not a single twinkler, he gets a thrill of satisfaction at the jewel-like delicacy of the sight. With a good telescope each of these stars in Epsilon divides again, and with the largest telescope this doubling occurs yet again.

There seems to be nothing about this group of stars to suggest the instrument, the lyre, whose name it bears. Some maps show a lyre with its base to the north, but the picture would fit just as well some other way. Zeta not only is the southern corner of a triangle but is the northwestern corner of a parallelogram of about the same size that can be recognized at once. This combination of triangle and parallelogram, the marked brilliancy of Vega and its nearness to the point overhead make the Lyre an easy constellation to identify.

When one is lost in the woods it is not always easy to find an opening toward the sky large enough to accommodate the Lyre with its Pointers and the North Star. Then the Lyre is most useful. For a patch of sky just overhead can almost always be found, and the Lyre is so small and easy to identify that it can be used as a compass when nothing else is available. It is only necessary to remember that the side of the triangle opposite Vega runs north and south, with the double star at the north and the parallelogram at the south.



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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION
8 Arlington Street Boston, Mass.

THIS BUSY WORLD

THE troops of the Allies—mainly French—who have been occupying the chief cities in the great German industrial region of the Ruhr Valley since January, 1923, are all withdrawn at last. There has been no good reason for their remaining there since the Dawes plan was put in force, for the only object of the occupation was to put pressure on Germany in order to compel that country to make definite arrangements for the paying of reparations to France and Belgium. Their withdrawal is pretty good evidence that the French government is satisfied that the Dawes plan is working well and that it expects an early agreement with Germany on the proposed security pact.

NEWS which may be of the greatest importance to mankind comes from London, where Doctor Gye, of the Institute of Medical Research, and Mr. J. E. Barnard, a hatter by trade, but a very brilliant amateur microscopist, seem to have discovered the virus that causes the growth of malignant tumors or cancers. Medical men are naturally cautious about accepting the discovery and still more cautious about predicting any "cure" for cancer that may be based upon it. Doctor Gye claims to have made small animals like rats and mice definitely immune to cancer by using a serum made from the newly discovered virus, and it is his hope that human beings can be made immune by the same means. We do not understand, however, that inoculation is likely to cure cases of the disease already existing. In fact the experiments have so far been confined entirely to fowls or rodents, and it is still to be determined by further investigations how far the conclusions that seem to follow from those experiments apply to human beings.

THE British Ministry of Labor has published some interesting figures showing the comparative wages in many of the great cities of the world—not the money wages simply, but the purchasing value of the wage in terms of food, clothing, shelter and recreation. The wage value in London is put at 100. In Philadelphia, the only city in the United States that is mentioned, it is 221; in Ottawa it is 164, and in Sydney, Australia, 144. On the other hand, the figure for Amsterdam is 85, for Stockholm 80, for Paris 74, for Berlin 63, for Prague 57, for Brussels 54, for Milan 50, for Rome 48, for Vienna 46, and for Lisbon 29. The Philadelphia workman, therefore, is more than twice as well off as his London fellow, three

times as well off as the Parisian *ouvrier*, nearly four times as well-to-do as the Berlin workman, almost five times more prosperous than the Italian artisan, and nearly eight times better off than the Portuguese.

PRESIDENT VON HINDENBURG has signed the revaluation bill, by which all the German war loans and pre-war bonds are to be exchanged for new bonds worth only five per cent of the face value of the old loans. By this means a debt of some \$18,000,000,000 is converted into one of less than \$1,000,000,000. That definitely puts the cost of the war, so far as Germany is concerned, on the people who invested in government bonds before and during the war. It is reported that almost all of Hindenburg's own fortune and that of his family has been wiped out in this way.

THERE is in Berlin a young woman who says she is the Princess Anastasia, a daughter of the murdered Czar of Russia. She is the guest of the Crown Princess of Prussia, who is inclined to believe that the girl is really the person she represents herself to be. Circumstantial reports concerning the murder of the Czar, the Czarina and all their five children at Ekaterinburg, on July 17, 1918, were published during the Kolchak regime at Omsk, and the world has long accepted them as reliable. There are, however, some discrepancies between the various stories, and occasional rumors have got abroad that one or more members of the family escaped from the firing squad. Several impostors, who claimed to be daughters of the Czar, have previously made their appearance in Europe and been exposed. The "Anastasia" who is now in Berlin is probably another impostor.

THE sudden death of Mr. Bryan only a few days after the close of the Scopes trial at Dayton, Tennessee, was as dramatic as his sudden rise to political eminence at the Democratic nominating convention in 1896. Mr. Bryan has been a political power of the first importance for almost thirty years, and, though he failed to win the highest prize in American public life, his eloquence, his high personal character and his earnest labors in behalf of international peace and evangelical religion gained him the devoted admiration of millions of Americans. He was buried in the National Cemetery at Arlington, Virginia.

SCHOOL DIRECTORY

The School Directory Department of The Youth's Companion will gladly send catalogues or other information to parents about schools or camps listed in this directory.

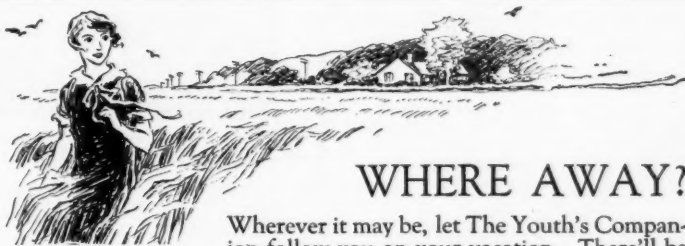
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The Children's Page

MRS. MUD PIE AND THE HILL-TOPPER

Illustrated by Benjamin

By Miriam Clark Potter

FOR five cents in stamps
the Children's Page
Editor will be glad to send
you a copy of the Tree
Song

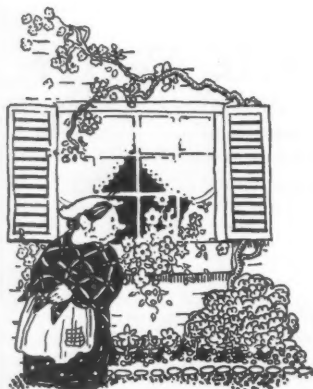
HERE was once a neat, very sweet, cheerful fairy person who lived on the tippest top of a little hill. She kept her tiny house as carefully as could be; the curtains were always washed and clean, the furniture was dusted, the rugs were swept. All the fairy people called her the Hill-Topper; and indeed she was that.

At the bottom of the little hill lived a squat, brownish fairy person, very dumpy and fat. Her house was made of mud, spread out, patted, baked into cakes and built into a queer little bit of a dwelling; it had one tiny, dusty window, the door was always shut, and the yard had no grass at all. The fairy folk called her Mrs. Mud Pie; and indeed she was that.

Every morning when Mrs. Hill-Topper went down the path to the fairy market by the bridge she would call out: "Good Morning, Mrs. Mud Pie!" very gayly and cheerily, without stopping. And there would be no answer, but just a sort of gruffy, sniggery sniff from behind the window.

But Mrs. Hill-Topper was not discouraged.

One morning, when a gray fog breathed low over the bushes, Mrs. Hill-Topper came down as usual, bent on getting some mushrooms for her midday meal. "Good morning, Mrs. Mud Pie!" she called; but then her voice changed to a light scream, and she cried: "Oh, oh, do open the door and let me in quick! Are those the wild, bright eyes of the fox, looking at me from behind the berry bush?"



She peeks in Mrs. Hill-Topper's window

The door did not open; the answer did not come; there was not even a gruffy, sniggery sniff from behind the window; but Mrs. Hill-Topper knew that Mrs. Mud Pie was there, because she saw the dusty curtains stir.

Then she thought to herself: "She is not only unfriendly, she is mean! I



Mrs. Mud Pie

shall get in, anyway!" and she ran quickly to the front door and beat upon it. "Let me in!" she cried. "Do you wish me to be devoured in your very dooryard, Mrs. Mud Pie?"

Then her voice was still.

Pretty soon the door opened, slowly and thickly, like a lump of mud. Mrs. Mud Pie looked out, and oh, she was an ugly thing, with a brown, gooberish dress, and a mussy old cap, and big black eyes peeking out. She looked this way and that, to the left and to the right, and up and down again. Then she shut the door softly, with a slow, squishy sound, and disappeared from sight.

"She is all done for," she whispered. "Well, it is rather a shame; but I cannot help it."

After a while, when the soft mist was beginning to lift and blow about like lovely lace among the trees, Mrs. Mud Pie opened her front door and went slowly up the little hill, through the fern and daisies, to Mrs. Hill-Topper's little house.

"Ah, the hill is steep," she thought, puffing. "Oh, the thorns are scratchy! Ugh!" But she went on, seeing only the unpleasant things, and after a while she came to Mrs. Hill-Topper's neat, sweet little house.

She crossed the wee porch and looked in. The fresh curtains (made of peachbloom cloth) blew in the breeze. The green carpet (made of woven moss and pine needles) was clean and sweet-smelling. The wee, rooty chairs and tables were all in order; the tiny bed of thistlefluff and plantain leaves was all spread and ready to lie upon. "It is not so bad here, at all," thought Mrs. Mud Pie. "I shall take all the things down to my own house." She began piling them together and tying them with grapevine ropes, so that she could drag them behind her.

"Wait! I must look in the little cupboard," she said to herself. "There may be something good to eat in it." So she opened the wee door, and stared inside. Fine! Bright, fresh honey, and chestnut cakes, baked in the sun! Blackberry jam! Fairy bread! She licked her thick lips; and then it occurred to her to sit down and eat a snack, right then and there, before she left.

She filled her hands with the goodies; she climbed on top of the heap of furniture and began to eat. Just as she did that she heard a noise on the porch outside; "Mercy me; the fox!" she thought in a fright; there was a shadow upon the floor, and in walked Mrs. Hill-Topper.

Very neat and cheerful she looked; she stood still and stared at Mrs. Mud Pie.

"I thought the fox had got you!" gurgled the brown, squidgy lady, with her mouth full of jam.

"Of course you did," replied Mrs. Hill-Topper. "You hoped he had! Well, I have found out just what sort of person you are, Mrs. Mud Pie, and I do not want to be friends with you. Now go."

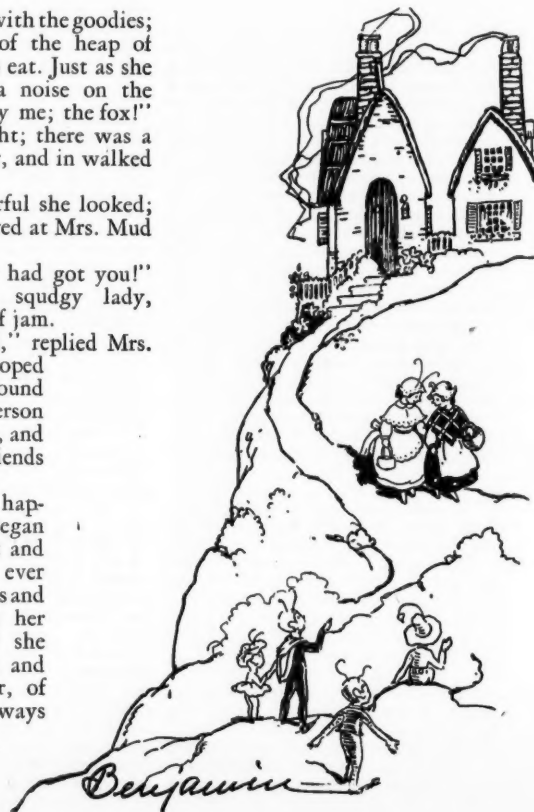
Then a queer thing happened. Mrs. Mud Pie began to cry. It was the first and only time she had ever cried, and she had years and years of tears inside her eyes. She cried, and she cried, and she cried; and the tears washed her, of course, as such tears always do. They washed away all the mud on her face and her hands and her

brown squidgy feet; even her dress looked fair and pretty.

Suddenly Mrs. Mud Pie opened her eyes wide and began to laugh. She looked at her white hands and laughed; she looked at her clean dress and laughed.

"I am laughing because I have no home!" she said. "I do not want to go back to my old, brown, squidgy house at the bottom of the hill, because it does not suit me any more. I like your sort of home best, Mrs. Hill-Topper. Please let me stay with you and fix myself a neat little place just like yours, over next door. Something strange has happened to me; I am white and new and shining!"

Then Mrs. Hill-Topper was glad, because this was just what she had hoped for. She said: "I rather believed, Mrs. Mud Pie, that, if you ever came out of your awful old hole and saw the fresh, pretty world, you would get to be your real self. I am very glad I had



that scare about the fox, and I will forgive you for not opening your door. Yes; fix yourself a house beside mine, and I will help you."

So they set to work busily, and soon the speck of a place was done. And after that, when the fairy folk saw them going by to market together they would say: "Look! Look! There goes the Hill-Topper and her friend. Who would ever think her name was once Mud?"

PREJUDICE

By Pringle Barret

LIKE Mary Jane,
And I like Sue,
And I like Marjorie
And Emily too.

But I don't care for
Percival Stone.
He lives across the street
And plays the saxophone.

The Tug and the Ocean Liner

By Ruth Kathryn Gaylord

SO many black tugs puffed and snorted round the harbor, and all looked so smoky and grimy, that no one especially noticed the William T.

In the great dry dock close by, an ocean liner was building. Every day a crowd of workmen swarmed over her, rapping and pounding. Every night, the big ship loomed up larger in the darkness.

One night when the men had gone and all the harbor was in twilight the William T. came ploughing up the river, panting in the darkness. The liner called to it in scorn: "I say, little tug, you're late tonight."

"I've been busy," retorted the William T.

"Such important work you do!" shrilled the liner.

The tug chuckled back through the darkness, "Not so important, perhaps, but I'm not tied up on shore as you are."

"Impertinent little tug," growled the liner. "When I'm launched I'll teach the horrid thing a lesson."

Impatiently she waited till there came a day when she rushed toward the water and was named Sea Queen. The great dry dock was left behind. That night she called to the William T.

"I say, little tug, I'm a real ship now!"

"Not yet—not yet—not yet."

"What do you mean?"

But the William T. snorted on its way, "Not yet—not yet."

As the liner grew her self-importance grew. She never called to the William T. in those days. She loomed so far above the water in the glory of her decks, her cabins and her great smokestack that a tug seemed to her scarcely worth noticing.

But the day before her first voyage she felt sure that the William T. was laughing as it snorted into harbor. The Sea Queen was angry. "I say, little tug, how dare you laugh at me?"

FAIRY BUBBLES

By Russell Gordon Carter

BUBBLES, bubbles in the air,
Bubbles, bubbles everywhere!

From my pipe they rise on high—
Fairy bubbles in the sky.

Oh, if I could launch one free
Big enough to carry me—
A bubble beautiful and grand
To take me up to Fairyland.

"Just wait—just wait—just wait."
By and by the Sea Queen's decks were filled with passengers; a crowd gathered on the deck; bands were playing, whistles shrilling. The liner thought the whole world knew that she was starting on her voyage.

In the midst of her exulting a small black tug crept closer. The Sea Queen boomed out angrily: "I say, little tug, get out of my way—well out of my way. I'm off to sea."

But the tug came on. "Not yet—not yet."

"I say I'm off to sea."

"Just wait—just wait." For the little tug knew what the Sea Queen did not know—that a big ship is hard to control in a narrow space.

So it happened that when the Sea Queen finally left her dock and moved off down the harbor she had lost her scornful air. Four dingy black tugs were towing her out, and the first little tug was the William T.

The Butterfly and the Kite

From a Russian Tale

By Rowena Bastin Bennett

Kite:

"Oh, I am a kite with a face and a tail!

I fly without wings at the front of the gale;

Over the trees and the housetops I sail,

For I am a kite with a hood and a tail.

See that poor butterfly down in the clover,

Beating her fragile wings over and over:

'Hello, Butterfly, don't you wish you were I

Sporting about in the blue of the sky?"

Butterfly:

"Hello, foolish Kite; why of course it is true

That from such a height you've a beautiful view;

It must be delightful up there in the blue,

Yet I should not care to change places with you;

For freedom there is in a butterfly's wing,

But you, slavish creature, are tied to a string!"

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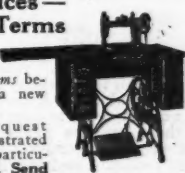
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Drop Head, Style 3

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION
8 Arlington Street Boston

TO A HOLLYHOCK, IN A DESERTED GARDEN

By Eliza Dana Weigle



*Sturdy little cavalier,
Watching from the ramparts there,
What's to rue?*

*Quiet is the garden bed;
All its gentle host is fled.
Rosemary and eglantine,
Coral tinted columbine,
Cinnamon rose, and candytuft,
With saucy petals crimped and ruffed;
But your bright hue,
Of scarlet coat, and doublet green,
Still beside the wall is seen,
Looking down the dusty lane,
For steps that never come again.*

*Ruby-tipped and debonair,
Dancing in the summer air,
What's to tell?*

*The gravel walk is choked with weeds,
Rank progeny of wind-sown seeds;
And by the fountain's empty brink
Birds no longer poise to drink.
Thorn and briar bruise the spot
Of marigold and touch-me-not.*

*Yet "All is well!"
Your cherry signal seems to say;
Think you still 'tis holiday,
That you flaunt your gala frock,
Dauntless little hollyhock?*

*Aye, 'tis well,
Tireless little sentinel!
Though never, from your breezy tower,
Hail you friend or foe, bright flower,
Hold your trust with them that sleep;
Watch you, while the shadows creep
Across the dial's sun-lit face,
Life's transient yesterday to trace.
Thou art faithful to thy trust,
Though hands that planted thee are dust:
So faith and love and courage dwell—
Aye, 'tis well!*

THE PROOF

A VERY striking story comes from the mission field to attest the power of a true Christian witness.

Some years ago in the heart of Africa a white missionary and his black servant were hailed before a petty monarch into whose hands they had fallen upon the defeat of the tribe among which the white man had been working. The chief had heard a great deal about the white man's religion and determined upon a competition between the missionary and his own medicine men. So he declared that he would stand by the faith of the side that produced the most convincing miracle.

The medicine men went through their ceremonies—dancing about crazily and uttering incantations, but nothing happened!

The white man then lifted up his voice in prayer, making most earnest entreaty of God. Nothing happened! "Bah!" said the king. "Neither of your religions is any good." He gave orders for the white man to be seized and executed. His guards at once proceeded to fulfill his orders, and they seized the missionary's black servant too. As they began to bind him the chief called upon them not to waste their time. "Do we not know the chicken-hearted tribe from which he comes?" he asked. "Are they not all as women and babes for courage? He is not worth killing; let him go!"

But the black man was no sooner set free than he flung himself at the king's feet and cried: "O mighty one! This man is my master, and I love him. Let him go, and I will take his place. I too believe in the Lord Christ, and I remember that He gave his life for me. Let me give up my life for my master."

A look of incredulity crossed the black chief's face. "Do I hear aright?" he asked. "Does this member of a cowardly race speak so? Tell me, how did you discover so much courage?"

"It is the Lord Jesus who has made me brave," the man replied meekly. "I do not fear any more."

The chief turned to his headmen and cried: "You all know this man's people—how their timidity and feebleness are a byword among us. Yet you have heard him speak like a hero! This is a miracle indeed! I will inquire further of this man's faith. Let the white teacher go free!" And before long that African king and his people were within the fold of Christ.

Christianity must conquer so long as its spirit can achieve such miracles.

ROCKING THE ROOMERS

"WETHERBY," said the little woman with the motherly face, "you must not speak of our home as a rooming house! I'm not proposing to take roomers. If I should let those upstairs rooms to three carefully selected young women, they are going to be called residents, and not 'my' residents either. I never did see why people need be possessive about roomers."

"You'd be possessive, all right," he muttered. "You'd rock 'em to sleep every night."

"Nonsense! As if I couldn't be businesslike when it's needed! With the boys off at college and our good bath down here, we could live on the first floor and be absolutely separate from upstairs. That's my idea—to keep them at a distance and not have the privacy of our home life disturbed. I'd have a maid come in to do all the work up there. Of course I should inspect it afterward when the residents were out, and I could use the buzzer to call them to the upstairs telephone, too, without even seeing them. The reception hall will do nicely for their callers. Do let me try it, Web. It isn't only the money; when you go off on those business trips it wouldn't be a bad idea to have a human being within call."

So at last the husband doubtfully agreed, and the rooms were filled. And the machinery worked. Weeks passed; from pay day to pay day the residents were almost invisible.

Then one day the man of the house came home unexpectedly. Through the glass of the vestibule door he saw three laughing girls about to go upstairs, each with a big slice of bread and butter on a plate. His wife stood smiling after them. One of the girls turned back and impulsively kissed her. Then off they trooped, and the head of the house put his latchkey in the lock.

"So you're leading a double life these days," he said after he had kissed his wife.

"What do you mean?"

"Interesting picture I saw through the door just now."

The woman with the motherly face looked surprised but not guilty.

"Web," she said, "wait till I tell you. The day you went away the maid failed to come, and I couldn't get anybody. I had to go up and make the beds. Well, on the bedside table in the social-welfare girl's room—you know, the slender blue-eyed one—I found a small envelope marked 'One every two hours for neuritis.' And then I saw that over her bedding the poor child had spread her heavy coat. Of course I put on an extra blanket and laid my hot water bottle on her pillow and left a note to know if I could do anything. Neuritis, you know—and cold—and under my roof!"

"Now don't talk till I finish. The school-teacher is no more a bluestocking than I am. Her room is always full of books and papers, but, coming into it intimately that way, I noticed how many pictures she had of one child—a perfectly angelic face, but a cripple. Evidently a little sister. And on her desk, right

on top of some thesis-looking papers, lay a darling little doll that she was dressing—only she seemed to have nothing to dress it with. She was cutting up a handkerchief for its underwear. And my chest full of the loveliest scraps! I marched right off and got a bunch of silks and laces and left them there before I ever went into the little bookkeeper's room. The bookkeeper is the pretty one with bobbed hair—Peggy."

"Oh, no, she wouldn't rock 'em," came a low murmur, but the woman went on:

"While I was dusting Peggy's table my eyes fell on a half-written page and the words just jumped at me: 'Truth is, mother, I'm sick with loneliness. The work goes all right, but I'm starved for the home side of life.' There it stopped. But that night I asked them all down to the library for ice cream and coffee round the fireplace—and, Web, they're wonderful girls! They—they open windows in my life every time I talk with them."

Reaching across the table, she selected three beautiful roses from the dozen her husband had brought to her. "I've asked them to read our books and play our piano sometimes and sing," she went on. "And tonight, when I found how crazy they were over homemade bread, I made them each take a slice. If that be rocking, make the most of it!"

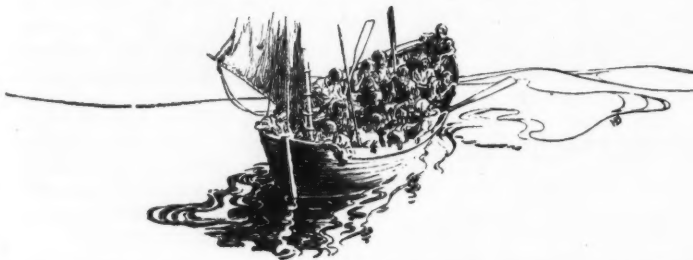
She turned and started up the stairway, but his voice stopped her. "Hello, there!" he called. "Present those roses with my compliments—mind!"

WHEN THE LEMMINGS GO CRAZY

NO popular animal story is more familiar than that of the "migratory" Norwegian lemmings, which, it teaches, are doomed, sooner or later, to rush down and perish in the sea like so many Gadarene swine. Let us look into this story.

The impression one got as a boy from the old Fourth Reader was that once a year all the lemmings in Norway—Sweden was not mentioned—jumped up and rushed headlong toward the coast, overrunning or dodging all obstacles, swimming streams and finally plunging into the surf. Like many another tradition in natural history, that is far too simple a tale. What really happens is that now and then, at intervals of several years, all the lemmings in one or another district of the high parts of northern Scandinavia appear to be seized by an impulse to travel and begin to rush about the region, running hither and thither in heedless

ACROSS THE PACIFIC IN AN OPEN BOAT



THE finest open-boat voyage in all the history of the sea, writes Mr. E. Keble Chatterton in Seamen All, was that by Lieut. William Bligh, R.N., and his shipmates. The reader will remember the mutiny in the Bounty. Briefly the facts are that two days before Christmas, 1787, H. M. S. Bounty, a sloop, under the command of Lieutenant Bligh, was dispatched from Spithead to the South Seas. She reached Tahiti in the following October, and left there on April 4, 1789, with a crew of forty-five hands. Bligh was probably a tyrannical and unjust commander. I remember hearing one of the strictest of naval commanders say that whenever a mutiny broke out in a ship it was the fault of the officers and not of the men.

In less than a month after leaving Tahiti the Bounty's crew, under Fletcher Christian, did mutiny. The result was that Bligh and the eighteen who remained loyal to their captain were put into an open boat and cast adrift. The provisions for these nineteen men consisted of bread, pork, rum, six bottles of wine and twenty-eight gallons of water. Bligh called first at one of the Friendly Islands for water and provisions, having decided to make for the East Indies. Owing to the hostility of the natives the party had to leave, with the loss of one man killed.

There now began a voyage of thirty-six hundred miles; all solemnly agreed to live upon a daily ration of one ounce of bread and a quarter of a pint of water each, for it was expected that the voyage would take eight weeks. On the second day after leaving the Friendly Islands the weather became so bad that everything possible had to be thrown overboard to lighten the boat. After days of rain the men, with their clothes continually wet through, became gloomy and dejected; yet they were spared the hot weather that would have caused them to die of thirst.

By the nineteenth day the men were half

dead with hunger and weariness. On the twenty-third day they had to cut down the allowance of food again. They caught a few birds and divided them into eighteen portions; but when the good weather returned the sun was so powerful that the men became faint and weak.

On the twenty-eighth day they came to an island, where they found plenty of drinking water and oysters. With the latter and the bread and pork they were able to make stews, for there was a copper pot aboard, and it was possible to get a light by means of a tinder box.

Thus refreshed, the eighteen embarked again next day. On the thirtieth day they landed on another island, and each man was allowed a pint and a half of stewed oysters and clams, thickened with some small beans. Occasionally landing to get fresh water and to catch oysters and birds, they continued past the islands of the Dutch East Indies in the endeavor to reach Timor. By the thirty-ninth day the crew were thoroughly querulous, and the surgeon and an old seaman seemed to be giving way fast. But the boat was making good weather and getting along finely. Next day most of the crew were in a state of extreme weakness, with hollow countenances and swollen legs, but the sight of birds and rock-wood kept alive the hope that land was not far away.

And then, on the forty-second day, to their joy, they sighted the island of Timor. Then, at the last, they were becalmed and had to use their oars to get in. But they had achieved an amazing feat. They had crossed the Pacific and reached the East Indies, a distance of 3618 miles from the Friendly Islands, without the loss of one man from sickness or starvation. It was a triumph of good leadership, discipline and courage and shows what can be done with an open boat under such conditions.

haste, tumbling down the hillsides, swimming streams, invading villages and trotting on with restless energy until all are seized and eaten by the birds and animals of prey that suddenly throng into the region, or until they die by exhaustion. If they are near a coast, they are as likely as not to run into the ocean and be drowned by hundreds.

The Lapps say they have gone crazy, and Dr. G. Clyde Fisher, who investigated the matter last summer, learned that Swedish zoologists believe that that is really the case. They conclude that at such times an infectious disease becomes epidemic among the lemmings and affects their brains with a kind of insanity. This insanity does not, however, seize all the lemmings in Norway at once, but only those of some one valley or mountain. It may not occur again in that locality for twenty years,—no one knows when, indeed, for the attacks are very irregular,—and meanwhile similar occasional outbreaks will happen elsewhere.

The habits of these little rodents are interesting otherwise. They are really rather large meadow-mice, plump in form, short legged, and with almost invisible tails, so that they more resemble miniature guinea pigs than they do their nearer cousins the voles. The under surface is yellowish, while the back is mantled with chestnut brown, giving a pretty contrast in colors. In summer they run about actively, mainly after dark, feeding on all sorts of plants, roots, and so forth, and show little timidity; but when cornered they will fight with bold courage, squeaking, darting at the enemy, leaping into the air and showing a ferocity comical in so small a fighter; and their big front teeth are capable of giving a man a very ugly bite. Captives are quickly tamed, however, and make pretty pets, sitting up on their haunches and holding food given them in their paws like tiny squirrels. They live in deep burrows ending in a sleeping chamber warmly lined with hay. The lemmings do not hibernate, but remain more or less active in winter.

THE KING MEETS AMERICA

ROYALTY of almost every country, says the New York World, seems to be singularly responsive to informal American manners. Perhaps it actually welcomes an opportunity to deal with fellow-humanity without the obstructions of court etiquette. A dispatch tells how King George of England, while taking in the exhibits at the Wembley Exposition, was accosted by an American who came bustling up through the crowd leading a boy by the hand.

"Shake hands with America, King!" exclaimed the American genially.

And the King shook hands, and to make a thorough job of it shook hands also with the boy. It is like the story of the Prince of Wales on his first trip over here. A newspaper reporter, with a green photographer on his hands, was having a hard time getting a picture. So, moping his brow, he bawled:

"Hey, Prince! Park the royal body over here, will you, so this dumb-bell can get a shot!"

And the Prince laughed and posed as directed. . . . It is like the story told at Annapolis about the Queen of Denmark. The midshipmen a few years ago were on their summer cruise, and a great ball was given in their honor at Copenhagen. And about halfway through the festivities a midshipman was seen wandering about disconsolately. Finally he approached the Queen, and without formality came to the point:

"Say, Queen," he said, "do you know where I can get a piece of cake?"

And again royalty showed itself to be human. The Queen left her post, found a whole cake and tied it up between two phonograph records for the midshipman to take home.

THE SILVER GOD

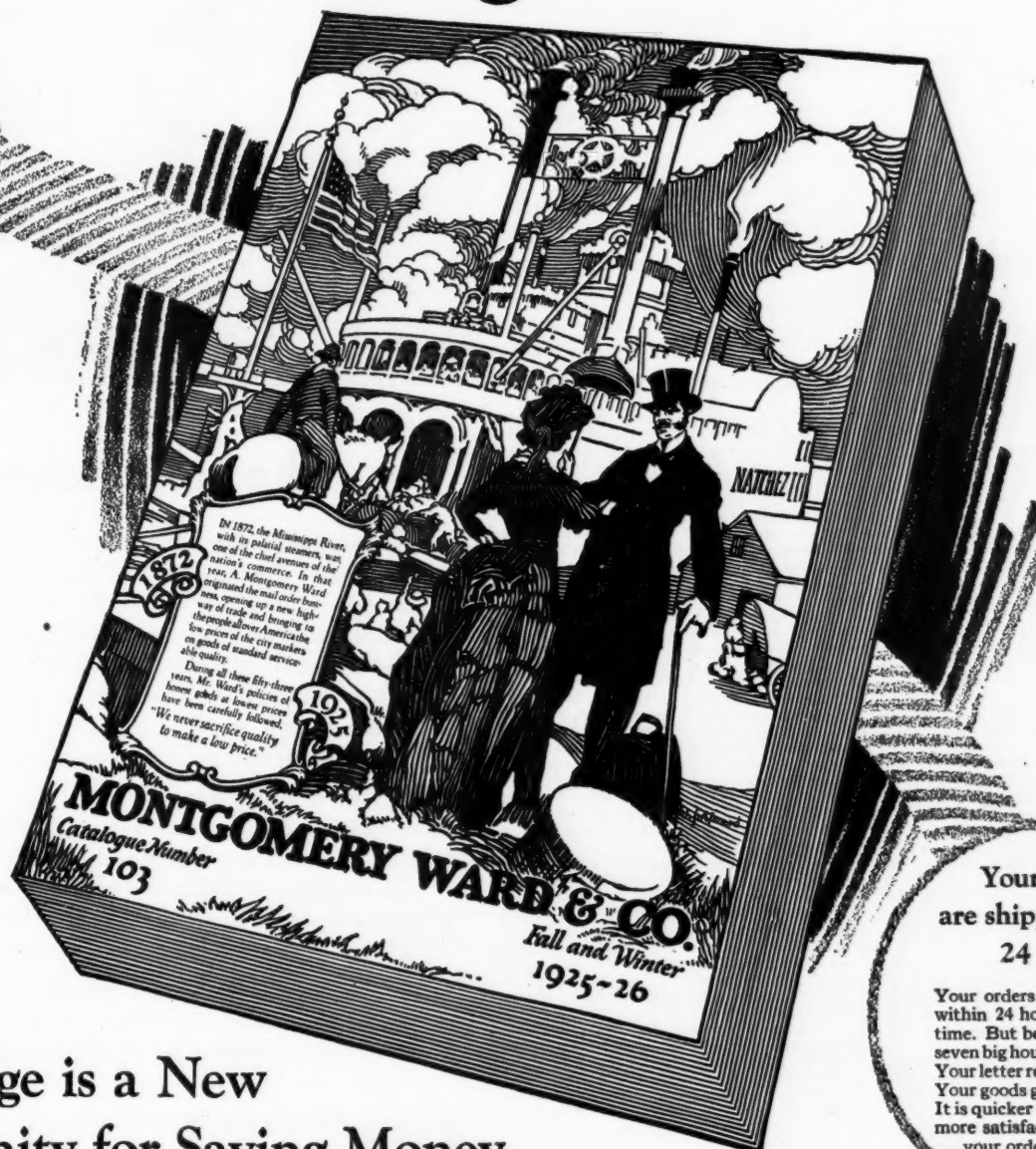
ONE need not be superstitious to realize that occasionally inexplicable things happen in a way to give those who think superficially ground for believing in "ill luck." The well known English dealer in antiques, Mr. Thomas Rohan, who has written a book about the interesting experiences of his life, tells one story that illustrates the kind of incident we mean.

The most eerie occurrence that ever happened to me, he writes, fell out in this fashion. I was in the habit of buying small bric-a-brac from an old retired schoolmaster who had a fairly good knowledge of antiques. He used to bring me Battersea boxes, little Chelsea scent bottles,—very rare these days,—old seals, and so forth. One day he brought in a Chinese god about nine inches high. It was beautifully modeled in silver, and the base was ragged, as if it had been torn off a stand of some kind. The silver was as thin as paper, and the interior of the figure was filled with a sort of bitumen.

The old gentleman said that it had been looted from Peking at the time of the Boxer riots. Be this as it may, I bought the figure for £4. This, I remember, was on a Thursday. I placed the figure on a cabinet. That day not a single client came to see me; the next day, Friday, it was the same, not a single inquiry. Of course, one does not expect to sell antiques every hour, but as a rule some one comes in every day to make some inquiry or to have a look round. Saturday in those days was a fairly busy morning; on this particular Saturday not a soul came in.

(CONCLUDED ON PAGE 560)

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(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 558)

The loneliness began to get upon my nerves. I was walking about the shop, pondering on this sudden and unaccountable cessation of business when my eyes alighted on the silver god. I am not superstitious, but all of a sudden the idea came to me that the Chinese god was bringing me bad luck.

Just about the luncheon hour, the old schoolmaster came in with a tortoise-shell and silver piquet snuffbox, for which he wanted £2. I told him I would take the box if he would take back the god. I said I was willing to lose a pound on it. He assented, saying he knew a collector who would buy the god.

On the following Monday morning a dealer who also had dealings with the old schoolmaster came in and said, "Have you heard the news? Poor old Powell (the name of the schoolmaster) was found dead in bed on Sunday night." It gave me a shock, and I thought of the silver god. It was no doubt only a strange coincidence, but the death of the old schoolmaster haunted me for days.

THE MAINE VERDICT

HE marched up the hotel steps in the late afternoon. He was a newcomer. He carried a bumpy, professorial-looking bag. And he was fussy. Oh, so fussy.

"Why," demanded one of the old year-after-year guests of this little-known inn on the Maine coast, "why must people like that come to ruffle our rural atmosphere with ideas?"

And everyone present felt exceedingly gloomy.

Next morning "the Don," as he had been dubbed, announced his intention of going down to the boat landing to study the fisherman type.

"Mighty interesting set," he observed. "Might-y interesting!" And he departed with the air of one on an important mission.

The year-after-year guests winked at one another in the rudest possible manner.

The professor returned about noon, warmish but beaming with satisfaction from his researches. He could hardly wait to get at his notes. His typewriter began to click the instant he finished lunch.

Five or six curious guests sauntered down to the boat landing in the early afternoon. There were sure to be some ripples still circling about. There they were, those unassuming men who knew the moods of the sea, dressed in faded blue and talking quietly as the waves lapped at the piles—men acquainted with danger and rather knobby about the knees.

It was a long time before any report could be screwed out of them concerning the Don's visit. Fisherfolk are excessively polite—and not inclined to gossip.

Yes, a feller had come down that mornin' and talked to them. A nice little blueberry with whiskers growin' on his chin. Yes, he asked a good many questions about one thing and another. Wore awful thick spectacles; made him look like the front of an automobile.

The guests potted about. They waited. They pretended to be concerned in a small sail far out at sea. No use hurrying the old sailors; all in good time.

Then came the summary. Without pretense or warning it slid into the conversation. Uncle Tinker pronounced it gently, keeping his eye sternly on the shifting weather vane.

"I don't know," said Uncle Tinker. "I don't know, but I just as leave know somethin' as have a college education!"

THE TAMING OF JOAN

RETURNING from a sick call on a cold and rainy night in late spring, the minister and his wife heard the mewing of a kitten behind them. They hurried on, for there was a cheery fire in the grate and hot tea could be brewed quickly. The kitten followed, mewing importunately. The woman's heart was touched. She turned and from the dark there emerged a half-grown cat.

"Remember," cautioned the minister. He was recalling that they had often said there should be no more pets in the parsonage, for he and his wife were frequently away from home and had often to ask the neighbors to look after the dog or the cat or the bird, as well as the horse and the cow. The water-soaked kitten lifted pleading eyes and mewed plaintively.

"If we don't give it shelter I shall worry all night."

The dominie capitulated. They took the cat in and named it "Joan" because of its resemblance to a former "Joan."

From the first the cat showed her ingratitude. The minister's wife went without cream in her tea so that Joan might be fed. The meal over, the kitten curled up on the rug to bask in the warmth of the fire. She hissed and spat spitefully when the parson's wife tried to pick her up. Joan was now dry and well fed. The parson was for putting her in the barn. His wife protested. Joan was ungrateful; but the world had been unkind to her. They would find her a home.

Joan was a beautiful cat, with a strain of Angora, and there was no trouble in placing her. The very next day a shut-in lady, hearing of the kitten, asked for Joan. In her new home the cat was pampered. Her one mission in life was to be a pet for her benefactress—but she failed in her

mission. She preferred a cushion on a certain rocker as her resting place, and, although that was the shut-in lady's favorite seat, she gave it up to the cat. Nor did the cat's disposition improve on kindness. If her mistress attempted to stroke her, she would put her tail up and stalk off in high dudgeon. Yet she was so beautiful that the shut-in lady would not part with her.

Then came the catastrophe that changed Joan's disposition. In a box in the cellar the cat was rearing a family of five kittens. The blow fell unexpectedly. Coal gas from the cellar furnace asphyxiated the kittens while Joan was mincing over her dinner of fish in the kitchen. All that afternoon Joan mewed disconsolately, going from room to room. You can imagine the surprise of the shut-in lady when Joan that evening sprang into her lap and almost begged for a caress. That night the cat slept on the woman's coverlet. Next day she frequently jumped into her mistress's lap and purred her contentment at being petted.

Joan died at a good old age; but she never reverted to her spirit of disdainful arrogance. To the very end she was a friendly and lovable pet. And the minister had found a quaint illustration for the text, "By sorrow of the heart the spirit is broken."

THE TRIALS OF AN INTERPRETER

THE principal interpreter at the Bow Street police court for many years was a Mr. Albert. He was a big man with a big voice and always carried a big stick with which he emphasized his arguments, for he was nothing if not argumentative. He had an awkward habit of bringing his stick down with tremendous force close to the toes of anyone he was addressing, which of course was most unpleasant for the listener.

He spoke many languages, says Mr. W. T. Ewens in *Thirty Years at Bow Street*, but he was most at home when interpreting German. On one occasion the old man felt deeply hurt at remarks that appeared about him in some French newspapers. A French anarchist who had caused a fatal explosion in a Paris restaurant was brought up for extradition. Mr. Albert was the interpreter, and the prisoner, an excitable little man, kept interrupting him. For some reason the magistrate made Mr. Albert interpret all that the prisoner said, and that kept him so busy that the perspiration literally rolled off his face. At the conclusion of the long hearing Albert departed, very proud of his performance and happy in the promise that he should have a double fee.

Two or three days afterwards he arrived in court, carrying a bundle of French newspapers, which he proceeded to tear into fragments. With tears in his eyes he explained that the foreign scribes who were present at the trial of the anarchist had said that he spoke French with a strong German accent. After dancing on the torn paper he shouted at the top of his voice, "I cannot express my indignation in any other way, but if I had those French critics here I would—" A wild flourish of his stick that made everyone in his vicinity move hurriedly away made the old man's meaning perfectly clear.

Shortly afterwards an energetic sweeper connected with the court gathered up the fragments of paper and gleefully exhibited a shilling that Mr. Albert had given him for his trouble. Right or wrong, he said it was the first tip the old man had ever been known to give to anyone.

Mr. Albert was nearly cornered on one occasion. Two Chinese were placed in the dock late in the afternoon, and it fell to his lot to tell them that they were remanded. For about half a minute he bellowed at them for all he was worth, but no one understood what he said. He afterwards admitted that he himself did not know. He was totally ignorant of Chinese and simply shouted at the men in several languages, hoping against hope that they would understand at least some of it. There is no record of what the Celestials in the dock thought of the performance, but one of them drew his forefinger smartly across his throat and glared at the interpreter in a most expressive manner.

WHAT LONGFELLOW DIDN'T WRITE

LEARNING by rote may be a good exercise for the memory, but teachers should be sure that the youngsters have at least a faint idea what the words that they are memorizing really are. Otherwise you may get such a result as the Santa Barbara News reports: Willie recited one stanza of the Psalm of Life, to the delight of his proud mama and the plaudits of the company. It was as follows:

"Lisa Grape men allry mindus,
Weaken maka Liza Blime,
Andy, Parting Lee B. Hindus,
Footbrin Johnny Sands a Time."

A FOUNTAIN PEN THAT WON'T BLOT

"HAVE you a fountain pen that will not blot when it is nearly empty?" asked the customer of the stationer.

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